

**ELVIS
IN
HOLLYWOOD**

**TOWNSHEND
ON TOMMY**

**BEATLES
NEW LP**

ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 37 JULY 12, 1969 UK: 2/6 35 CENTS



ROLLING STONE

'All the News
That Fits'

No. 37
JULY 12, 1969

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'YOU WON'T ASK ELVIS ANYTHING TOO DEEP?'

BY WILLIAM OTTERBURN-HALL

HOLLYWOOD — The notice outside the big grey double-doors was simple and to the point. SET CLOSED, ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE. You find notices like this outside a lot of film studios, and they tend to have a certain elasticity. This one, outside what looked like an aircraft hangar but was actually Stage D at Universal Studios, meant it.

Inside, Elvis Presley was filming. And where Elvis goes, the barriers go up as if some sinister germ warfare experiment were being carried on within. Like a suckling infant, he is swathed and coddled against the realities of the world outside, as if he were made of rare por-

celain rather than hewn from good old-fashioned Tennessee stock.

But this day he was on show. I had been given the magic formula. The secret open sesame known only by its brand name of "Colonel Parker's Okay" had been handed me. The doors swung wide, and I was in.

They say Colonel Parker is the man who built Elvis from the erotic gyrating days of the swivelling Pelvis through 14 long and fruitful summers to his present status, by pushing and pulling his protege through the tricky cross-currents of pop music taste. I wouldn't know. I had asked to see him, this one-time Texas fairground barker, to thank him for the green light. But he was

always somewhere else. In his office at Universal, over at Metro, down in Palm Springs, in Las Vegas to lay the trail for the next live show . . . always somewhere else.

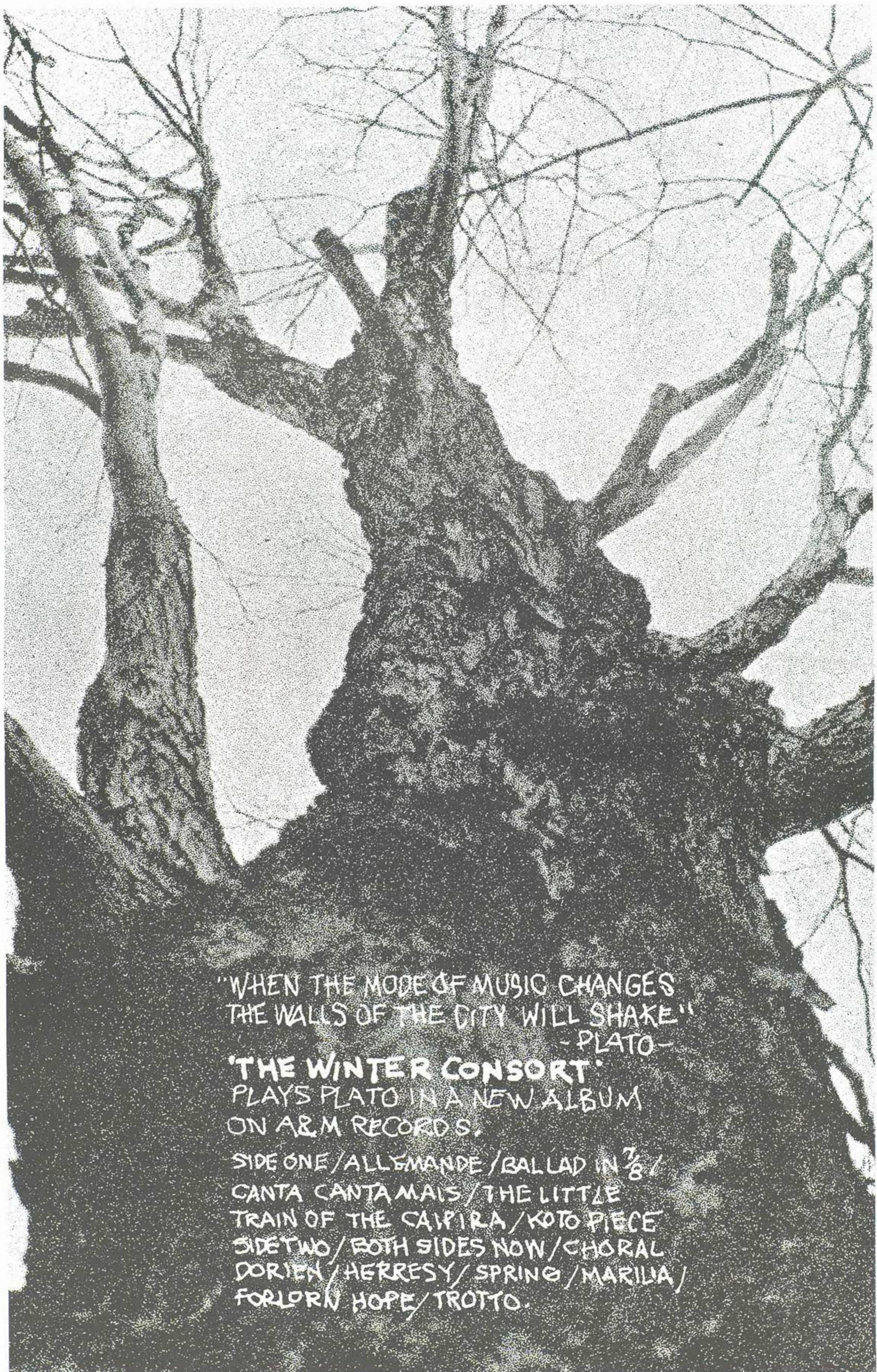
No matter. Who needed Colonel Parker when Elvis himself was alive and well and filming? The Publicity Man who escorted me as close as if he were handcuffed said proudly: "I'd like to work with him again, he's so sweet and uncomplicated. I was surprised you got through—no one's talked to him yet, you know. There must have been a good breeze blowing."

The good breeze continued to blow as far as the set. A mauve-walled pad with kitchen adjacent and a king-size

bed visible through half-drawn yellow curtains. Elvis sat at a table, staring at his hands, while three mini-skirted girls, Mary Tyler Moore, Barbara McNair and Jane Elliott, scurried around with trays of food.

The film is about three nuns who pose as nurses to "identify with the people" in a Negro ghetto in New York. The title is *Change of Habit* (yes, it is) and stars Elvis as a medic who falls for one of the nuns.

Elvis is wearing a paint-stained blue denim shirt and tight blue jeans. He looks relaxed and affable and rather meatier around the jaw-line than one remembers from previous films. Marriage (back in May 1967 to Priscilla Beaulieu) —Continued on Page 6



"WHEN THE MODE OF MUSIC CHANGES
THE WALLS OF THE CITY WILL SHAKE"

-PLATO-

'THE WINTER CONSORT'

PLAY'S PLATO IN A NEW ALBUM
ON A&M RECORDS.

SIDE ONE/ALLEMANDE/BALLAD IN $\frac{7}{8}$ /

CANTA CANTA MAIS/ THE LITTLE
TRAIN OF THE CAIPIRA/KOTO PIECE

SIDE TWO/BOTH SIDES NOW/CHORAL
DORIEN/HERESY/SPRING/MARILIA/
FORLORN HOPE/TROTTO.



Board by Fried Photo by Walker

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

WE ENJOYED THE STORY ON BAKERSFIELD IN THE JUNE ISSUE. PLEASE SEND ME TEN COPIES COD.

BILL WOODS
C/O HAYS MOTORS
BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.

SIRS:

When in England I heard a stereo tape (heretofore unreleased) of *Hey Jude*. It was one of my great musical experiences. *Hey Jude* in stereo is an almost religious experience, the Sistine Chapel of rock and roll. Can we encourage Apple to release it as a two-sided stereo single, that is, *Hey Jude* on both sides so that when we wear out one *Hey Jude* we can always turn to its twin on the other side?

Hey Jude is a song one can worship at the feet of.

JAC HOLZMAN
ELEKTRA RECORDS

SIRS:

I was glad to read ROLLING STONE'S account of the interview I conducted with Jim Morrison for NET. None of the dialogue your reporter picked up will be in the final show, however. Those portions were cut, over my objections, by the producer. He acted in the interest of "brevity and clarity"—those watchwords of the straight media. We can begin to sense the failure of "educational" television, when the most revealing parts of an interview are cut because they yield no information—just life.

RICHARD GOLDSTEIN
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Reading your report on the Electric Factory in Philly simply stunned my mind! How long will it be before the scouts pass injunctions against sexual intercourse and the growing of human hair?

JON MAY
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

SIRS:

ROLLING STONE is boss and a keystone of our freaky existence. We especially groove on your nifty articles about such keen groups as Traffic and the band (Yay Levon Helm).

What would really be swell, though, is a super-cool article about the most gear-fab-band of them all: Procol Harum. Like, they are with it, together, and out-a-sight; one of the heaviest groups on the scene. They're what's happening, I mean their heads are in the right place. The amazing rap by Gary Brooker on "In Held 'Twas I" really blows our minds. I mean, the music is so mind-blowing, it's like unbelievable.

DUKE, BAIL, AND LEN
COLGATE UNIVERSITY
HAMILTON, N.Y.

P.S.: "Nothing's better left unsaid."

SIRS:

It was really far out to see an Auto-salvage review in the last issue. The record was released in March of '68, and we broke up in May (before RCA started the Groupshake shuck).

Anyhow, none of us ever went to Juilliard; Darius spent three days at the High School of Music and Art in New York, but he quit to play rock and roll at the ripe age of 16. Skip has been playing rock and roll for about all his known life, and probably longer. Tom and I came out of the folk revival Boston scene.

The music was the result of lots of LSD and lots of time in a boiler room on 7th Avenue. We didn't do much performing because we couldn't get gigs; at that time in New York you had to do Top 40 shit or have a hit record to work.

Finally New York got too heavy on our souls and we all started freaking and we blew up our amps and couldn't play even if we had the gigs, etc.

I don't know what the other cats are up to now. I'm cooling it in Marin and working with ex-Youngblood Jerry Corbett and having me a good old time.

RICK TURNER
PT. REYES STATION, CALIF.

SIRS:

You were unkind to Mr. Frank Zappa in your May 31st issue and owe him some manner of apology as far as I am concerned. You hung him at that time with the thinly-veiled rap of having a lecture tour set up "coast to coast" for which he rakes in some \$1,500 per. You proceeded to compare this alleged \$1,500 with an alleged \$2,000 which is commanded by Edmund Muskie (implied connections—Zappa talk: Muskie talk: money. Muskie plus Hubert equals Chicago equals barnyard violence against kids . . . And Other Stories). But how could you know?

Two years ago I researched and started teaching a course at the New School in New York called A History of Popular Music. \$50 was made available by the New School for friends in the music world to drop in, to defray such annoyances as travel or instrument cartage, etc. Frank was the first friend to come over, and he left his opening-night rehearsals at the Fillmore East early in order to do the favor.

Before the session I had had a crude sign made calling it all "Pigs, Ponies, Rock and Roll"—only because I didn't know what Zappa was going to talk about. Well, there wasn't really a lecture, just an extremely down-with-it question and answer set. After the talk Frank not only refused the \$50, but treated me and my wife to a Chinese meal of egg roll, spare ribs, and lobster Cantonese style. He suggested that the money be used for other performances, lectures, friends, etc.

The man is one of the most astute observers of the total cultural scene around. His observations are often worth more than money. Many colleges and most magazines could benefit from a lecture or two from him. Perhaps next year we might be fortunate enough to have a New School lecture given by one of ROLLING STONE's heavies.

CARMAN MOORE
NEW YORK

—Continued on Page 4

Random Notes

Everybody knows "Mr. Zig-Zag," the cigarette-paper trademark whose snatty, stylized face shows up everywhere these days, from light shows to tee-shirts. But who was he?

Well, he was a real man, and his name was Hector. He started adorning Zig-Zag papers around the beginning of the century as one of the first public figures to let himself be used in an advertising campaign.

And a public figure he definitely was. Hector was the leader of the hired applause-makers at the Theatre d'Amiens in France. You could always pick him out in a crowd because he dressed in the uniform of the Zouave (rhymes with suave) divisions of the French Army, in Arab-inspired pantaloons and a droopy fez.

Incidentally, Hector's face also pops up frequently in the paintings of Clovis Trouille, a fringe member of the Paris Surrealist set of the Twenties who specialized in sexual and blasphemous subjects. Hector, who apparently liked to roll his own, had once asked to marry Trouille's sister.

If you can believe your eyes and your ears, the next grouping of supers you hear will be Donovan, backed by the Jeff Beck Group. They've succeeded two Donovan compositions for a single already and will soon cut an LP. Mickey Most, regular producer for both Donovan and Beck, called the blend "a calculated gamble that paid off handsomely." In fact, he said, live appearances by the new ensemble are being considered. That is, if Beck doesn't fire Donovan first.

Manfred Mann has sung its last "doh-diddy." The group announced its breakup two weeks ago, with Mann declaring: "The pop group side of Manfred Mann is finished and every member of the group is pleased that it is."

However... Manfred and fellow-Mann Mike Hugg have formed a new band, tentatively called Manfred Mann Chapter Three. (Chapters One and Two covered earlier dominant figures in the group over its five-year existence.)

The MC5, kicked out at Elektra in April for "unprofessional conduct," have signed a recording contract with Atlantic. The new pact was negotiated by Atlantic's Jerry Wexler and John Sinclair of Trans-Love Productions, MC5's management firm. Also in on it was Elektra's Danny Fields, on behalf of the Detroit group.

Meanwhile, Sinclair, who is also Minister of Information of the "White Panthers" of Ann Arbor, goes on trial June 24th on a charge of dispensing two joints of marijuana to an undercover nark. If convicted, it'd be poet Sinclair's second offense and he'd face between 20 years to a life sentence in the state pen. According to the White Panthers, "the key to his defense [no pun apparently intended] is 'entrapment'."

Mad River, having bombed out miserably on their first LP, ain't taking no chances with their second try. Called *Paradise Bar and Grill*, it includes a guest set with Richard Brautigan, reciting one of his poems over acoustic guitar music; a song by Carl Oglesby, formerly national secretary for SDS, and excellent production work by ex-Youngblood Jerry Corbett, who also plays rhythm guitar on one track. The cover is an 1866 photo of five drunks and a dog in a bar in Sacramento. Mad River is also on the record.

Dr. Timothy Leary ain't no rock and roll star, but he sure can rap. So the Douglas Corporation, a books-and-records company based in New York, has contracted the rights to all media properties put out by Leary. The announcement came shortly after the Supreme Court reversed Leary's conviction for violating the Federal Marijuana Tax Law.

Leary's first product will be a series of albums, the first being a two-LP package due for release this fall. The records consist of a Leary seminar recorded in Berkeley.

Leary is also writing a book due for release near the end of the year. It'll be called *The Psychology of Pleasure*, also the title of a course Leary guest-lectured at UC Berkeley this past semester.

According to Douglas, all of Leary's products will have "serious intent, entertaining technique."

Nicky Hopkins, the super session pianist, has quit the Jeff Beck Group. (He wrote the tune "Girl From Mill Valley" on the forthcoming Beck LP, about a girl named Girl who lives in Mill Valley. She's the same chick written about in Steve Miller's song "Quicksilver Girl.") This leaves the Beck group on the edge of disbanding entirely. Hopkins, meanwhile, returns to San Francisco to do studio work on the next Miller LP, now underway at the Wally Heider studios.

So the Supremes are going to stop, in the name of love: According to Mary Wilson, they will definitely be breaking up in "something like a year or two." It's well known among the industry that Diana Ross, who's been stepping out in recent months as a solo performer, has married Motown President Berry Gordy and that Gordy is moving soon to Los Angeles. Still, Miss Wilson says, the Supremes will make live appearances and records "six or seven months of the year."

The ABC network of FM stations recently converted all their programming in various affiliate cities to "underground rock," whatever that is. In the case of ABC, which programs its format in New York under the title "Love," underground music is that music which is not good enough to make it above ground. It is some of the worst radio programming of any kind that we have heard anywhere recently, and we advise you to avoid it.

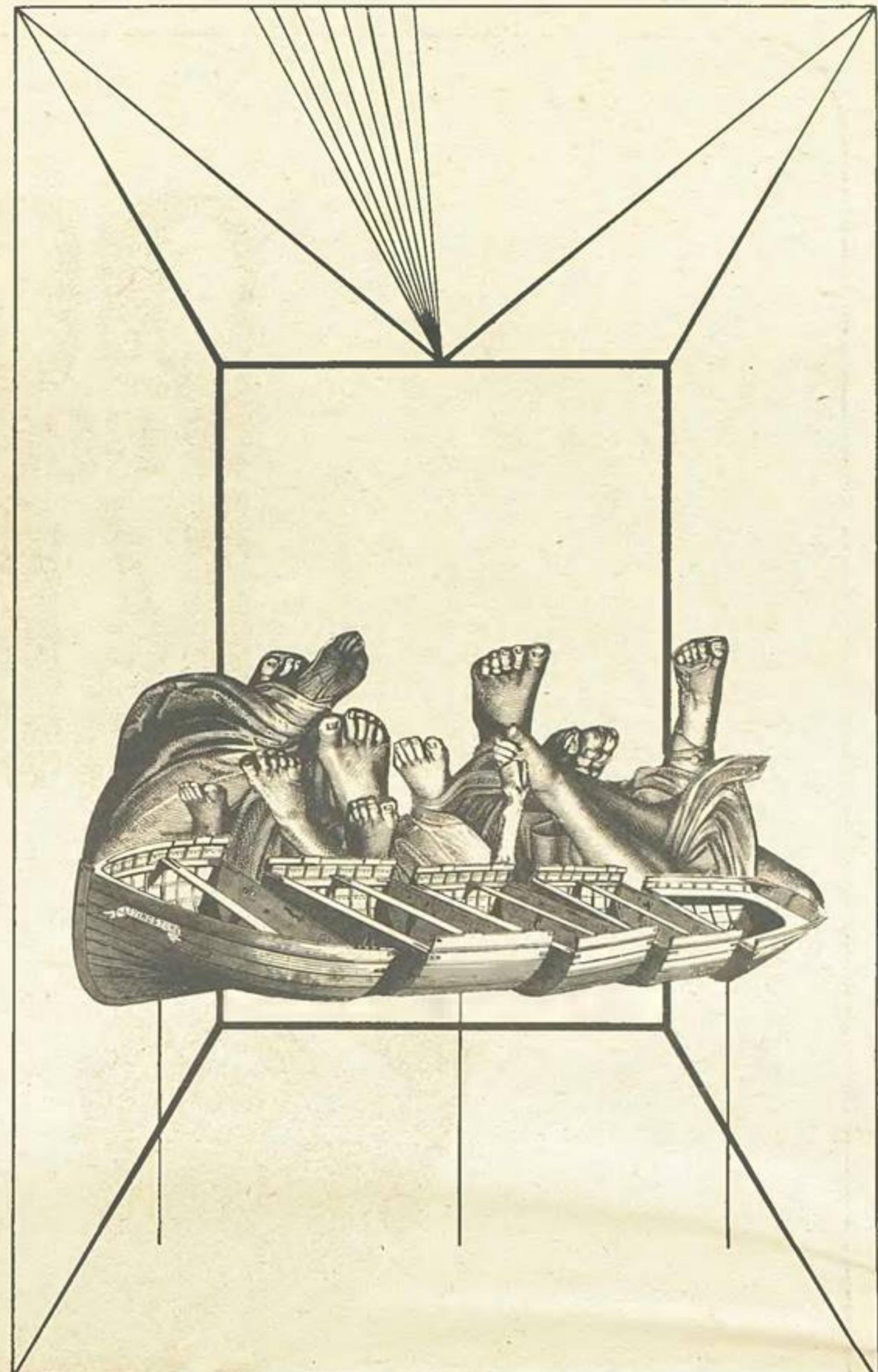
Pop music-criticism is something else in East Germany, where the government knows its young people are listening to Western popular songs, but wishes they wouldn't. The thing is, East Germany rolls its own pop music, very low grade shit, so bad young East Germans pay no attention to it. They listen instead (and in secret) to the kind of American, English and European music the East German government characterizes as "reflecting reactionary bourgeois ideals." Songs like the "Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde," which "glorifies doubtful pleasures like prostitution and gangsterism," and "I Don't Care if You Are Rich or Poor," which "stimulates indifference toward social inequalities and unconditional surrender to capitalist exploiters." Yes, well, uh-huh... What was the name of that last one, again?

The Bosstown sound again: Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs chief John E. Ingersoll has announced that Boston is due to become the next Haight-Ashbury, East Village, whatchemacallit. Mr. Richard A. Callahan, his New England regional director, has confirmed his announcement, predicting that the city will be "inundated" this summer—particularly the Boston Common, where there were several cops 'n' hippies battles last summer.

Pat Boone owns a string of restaurants in New Jersey (called Pat Boone's Restaurant), a basketball team (the Oakland Oaks), part of Australia, and a lot of other things. Now he comes out with an LP called *Departure*, with a signed liner note that says: "At least once in every man's life . . . he changes. Not in the superficial, physical or mental ways, but fundamentally, spiritually. He resolves once and forevermore whether to lead . . . or be led. He will make his choices, or others' choice will make him. And he makes a *departure*: not so much from where he has been, but toward what he must be. And he will never be the same again."

Pat Boone used to wear white bucks. The liner photos clearly show him in dark brown Hush Puppies. And light blue semi-bell bottoms.

He will never be the same again.



SATTY

LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 3 May 17, 1969

SIRS:

I will pay any price for a copy of the ROLLING STONE Book Volume I. Write and make an offer.

JIM BLAKE
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:

Sitting up watching the chick across the street doing some nude exercises and trying to jerk off—but I didn't come until I read Paul Williams' review of the new Kinks album.

RAY MCGILL
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

Thank you, thank you, thank you, for your piece on the *Village Green Preservation Society*. Paul Williams might have better luck turning people on to the Kinks if he would write a review instead of a quasi-religious prose poem, but even so, his article was a public service. Perhaps now the group will get the long overdue recognition it deserves. Again, thank you.

Two questions, however. The photo accompanying the article showed some stranger smiling where bass player Pete Quaife should have been. Is there a new Kink after all these years? And are there any plans for a US tour?

STEVE SIMELS
TEANECK, N. J.

SIRS:

Goddard is wrong about Dylan a lot. Bob is not "kind of broken" at all. He is living a sane, happy, productive life.

Goddard asserts Dylan "didn't have the political mind and thought" as if his mind had evaporated years ago. If "Why wait any longer for the world to begin? You can have your cake and eat it too" isn't political thought honed to a fine edge, I'll eat it all.

A Frenchman dense enough to overlook the glorious numbskullery of Marie Antoinette ain't much of a Frenchman. The only part Goddard got right was about Bob going "into the woods again" where the star game is outasight.

JASON MCCLOSKEY
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Listen — the MC5 has changed my head. I love and trust them very much.

ED DOWNEY

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

SIRS:

To the few who really knew her, Genie the Tailor was a gifted and beautiful girl with a brilliant head and a mesmerizing presence, a person touched with grace and full of love, a super-capable chick who was her own invention through and through, a source of beautiful things—whether they came from her hands or her head or her heart, a favorite of the favored, one of the lights among us on this planet, and a beloved friend.

Genie was a star, in fact a star's star. Her audience, made up as it was of public stars and other private stars was limited but most demanding. You have to be very heavy to rate as a truly original and unforgettable one-woman institution in the estimation of many of the most dazzling people who inhabit this most dazzling of scenes.

And Genie in action—and the action could be anything, was everything: being in love, putting on makeup, cutting bolts of cloth, giving instructions to her help, praising talent, honoring beauty, showing her clipping book, telling a story, coming up so hip she was dangerous, flirting and pouncing, denouncing and loathing all other females, pretending to be dizzy, relating instantly to the special needs of the special egos of her special friends—Genie in action was fascinating, she always turned in a performance, she did not ever go unnoticed, she was something to dig, she had a vast number of things going for her, Genie did. She was one of the super-people.

Her death has frightened me and made me very sad. I can only hope that she is back with Lenny again; she loved him most of all, you know. Let us send a kiss and a blessing in the direction of their eternity.

DANNY FIELDS
NEW YORK

POP! GOES THE KING



APPEARING AT FILLMORE WEST, JULY, 8-9-10-15-16-17

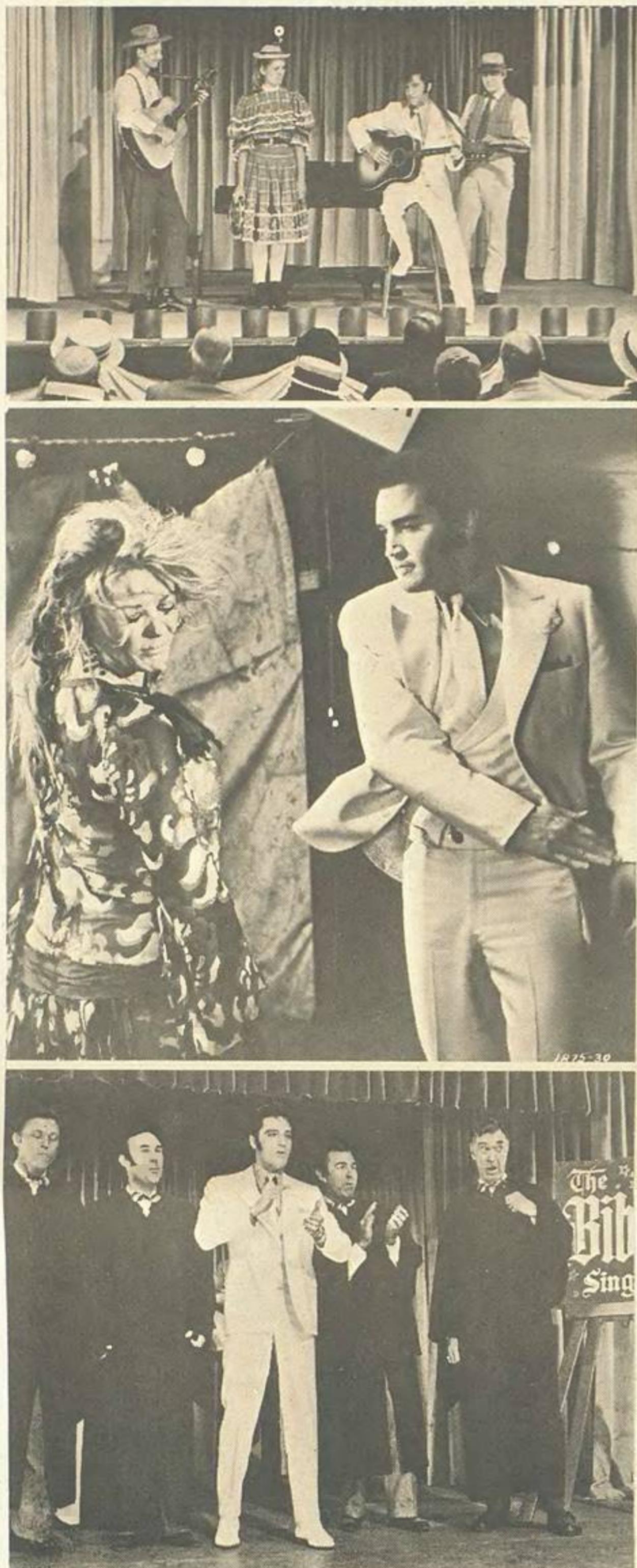
B.B. KING
LIVE & WELL



BB'S NEW LP
“LIVE & WELL”
BLS 6031

BLUESWAY
...IS WHERE IT'S AT! 

NEW SINGLE
“WHY I SING
THE BLUES”
61024



Continued from Page 1
is obviously agreeing with him.

His eyes have that smoky slow-burn of the old-time movie vamp. He siezes a guitar and strums a few chords. It's the last week of shooting, and like the good days between exams and the end of term,

The atmosphere on the set is hip and loose, full of leather-clad youth and clever in-talk. The director is thin and intense, wears a check shirt and gym shoes, and is called Billy Graham, which is going to look interesting on the poster of a swinging nun.

Elvis produces some dialogue. He is never likely to win an award as an actor, but he knows what the kids want and he gives it to them. The girls are talking about a party. The cameras turn. Elvis says: "You get a lot of people down here on a Saturday night, and all the old hags come out. Before you know it they're bombed out of their skulls and you've got World War III on your hands."

Earth-quaking stuff. But this simple homespun philosophy is off-key. "Bombed out of their skulls" wasn't in the script. And the director isn't too happy about it. "It's a good line," says Elvis. "Okay, okay," says Billy Graham. The line stays. Maybe it will come out in the cutting room, but it's there for now.

"The whole thing is downhill," says a technician. "He don't talk to anyone, except his own friends." There is no sign of tension, but then Elvis has nothing to

be tense about. He can go on churning out the same thing for another decade, and they'll still queue to see it. If he's over the top, as some unkindly souls occasionally try to make out, he doesn't seem bothered.

He is 34... Raised in Memphis... Once a truck-driver, stumbled into records, took the world by storm as the original snake-hips... Now lives in cloistered seclusion in a colonial mansion near Nashville, with a Rolls, a solid gold Cadillac, a wife, a daughter (Lisa Marie, aged one) and several bodyguards for company... Has made 29 films, grossing 220 million dollars at the box office, and sold more than 200 million records.

Elvis heads for his trailer in the far corner. A group of friends (known in some quarters as the Memphis Mafia) close around him like a football scrum after a loose ball. The code-word is given. I am beckoned over. The good breeze was still blowing.

"You won't probe too deep, will you?" The Publicity Man asks anxiously. "This is just an informal chat, that's the deal. So keep it light and airy, okay?"

Well... okay. I checked my notes. Does Elvis fly high on acid trips? Does he see himself as a prophet for the new generation? Does he think his style is too square? Does he have any sexual hang-ups? His marriage altered his attitude to life in any way? Does he kick his cat? Does he have a cat to kick? What are his views on pcp, religion, hippies, demonstrators, Vietnam? Stuff like that. No, I wasn't going to probe too deep.

In the dressing room Elvis shakes

hands in a firm grip. "This is Charlie, this is Doc." Two small, burly men, in light leather jackets and open-neck shirts rise and shine briefly and subside again. The trailer feels a bit crowded.

Elvis talks. He speaks slowly and carefully, and puts a lot of space between his words. "The film? Uh, well... it's a change of pace for me, yeah. It's more serious than my usual movies, but it don't mean I'm aiming for a big dramatic acting scene, no sir. The way I'm headed, I want to try something different now, but not too different. I did this film because the script was good, and I guess I know by now what the public goes for.

"Most of the scripts that come my way are all the same. They've all got a load of songs in them, but I just did a Western called *Charro*, which hasn't any songs 'cepting the title tune. It did have a couple of nude scenes, but they've been cut. Anyhow, can you imagine a dramatic Western where the hero breaks out into song all the time?"

He has said plenty, and now he leaps to his feet, hands flashing to imaginary holsters, and sings in a deep drawl: "Go for your guns... you've got 'til sundown to get outta town..." It could be the start of a promising sketch. The others follow suit, singing, clowning, all on their feet. If this is the Memphis Mafia, they're a friendly bunch.

Elvis sits down, and everyone stops singing. He eyes himself in the dressing room mirror. "I don't plan too far ahead, but I'm real busy for a while now. I've got a date in Vegas, and maybe another film after that. Then I'm going to try to

get to Europe, because I've always promised I would and I've got some good, faithful fans over there."

Slow-talking Elvis may be. But he certainly isn't the slow-witted hick from the backwoods his detractors make out. If he is, then he's a better actor than they give him credit for. Get through to him, and you find a pleasant, honest, not-too-articulate hometown boy who has been protected for his own good from the hysterical periphery of his present world.

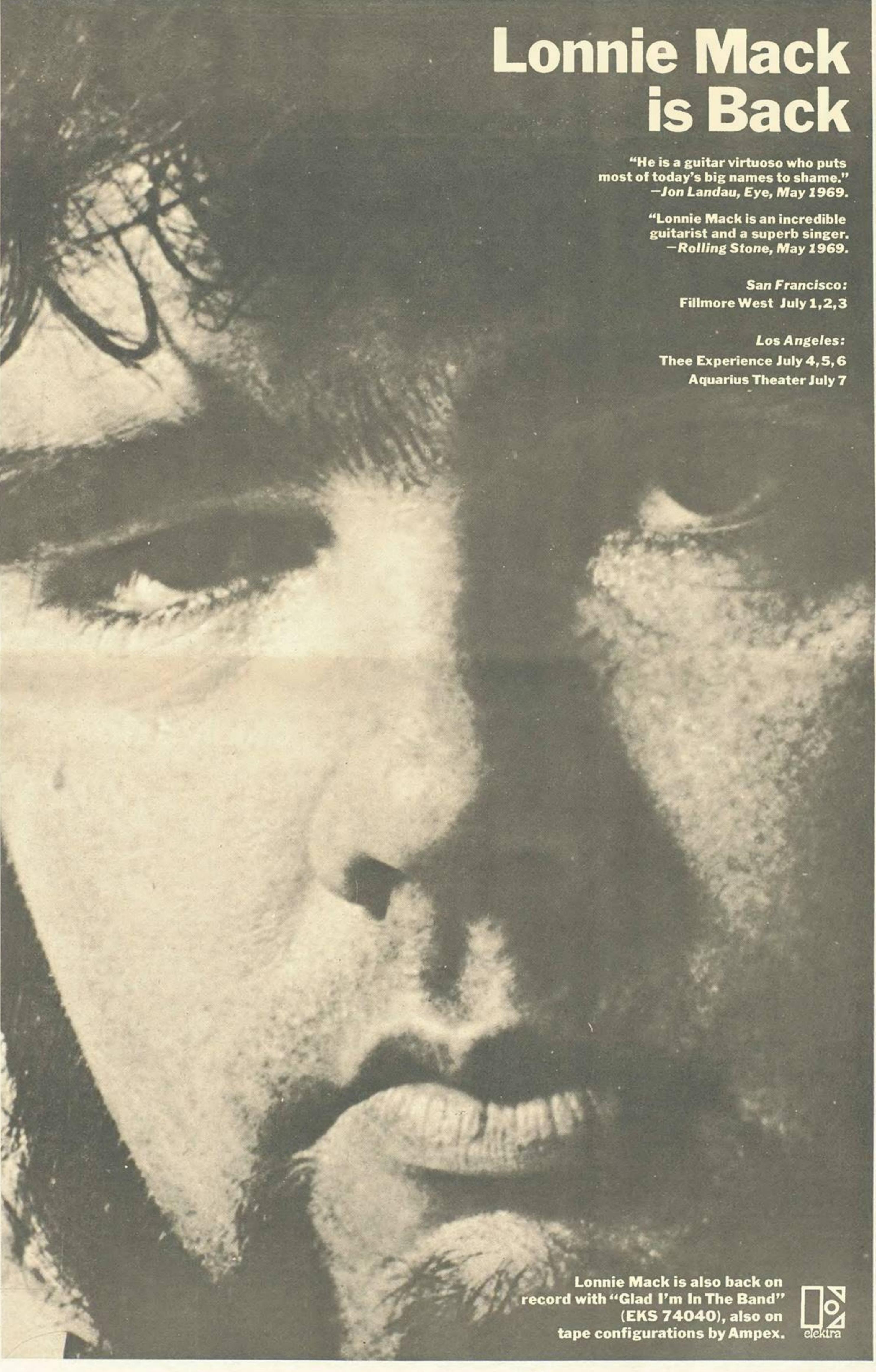
The party was warming up. Elvis cracked a gag. Charlie cracked a gag. There was a call from the door. Elvis was wanted, and the good breeze was still blowing as he made for the set, one hand on my shoulder. Charlie and Doc were all smiles.

"Okay?" said the P.M. "You did real fine."

"Well... not quite. I said. This Colonel Parker, would he be around for a word later? Elvis stopped in his tracks. The P.M. went a whiter shade of pale, and whispered something to a friend. The friend nodded in sympathy. "I must tell you about an experience I had like that once," he said, eyeing me as if I'd just crawled out of the woodwork. Elvis said: "I think he's in Palm Springs. I'm not sure..." He hurried off.

The P.M. said: "Don't let's push our luck any more. We never trouble him for too long a time. You should be very happy. You had more than anyone's had in years."

Somewhere along the line, unaccountably, the good breeze had dropped.



Lonnie Mack is Back

"He is a guitar virtuoso who puts most of today's big names to shame."
—*Jon Landau, Eye, May 1969.*

"Lonnie Mack is an incredible guitarist and a superb singer.
—*Rolling Stone, May 1969.*

San Francisco:
Fillmore West July 1, 2, 3

Los Angeles:
Thee Experience July 4, 5, 6
Aquarius Theater July 7

Lonnie Mack is also back on record with "Glad I'm In The Band" (EKS 74040), also on tape configurations by Ampex.



Beatles 'Get Back' LP Due in July

The Beatles' next album, called *Get Back, Don't Let Me Down, and 12 Other Titles*, is scheduled for release next month.

The Beatles, now reunited in London, are considering whether to make a promotional film for TV for the album. They are also at work, at their Savile Row Studios, on yet another album.

Meanwhile, other Apple news has organist/singer Billy Preston (of recent acclaim for his playing in "Get Back") out with a single called "That's the Way God Planned It." The song is by Preston and the single was produced by George Harrison.

The single LP from the Beatles is unbanded on both sides, with songs moving one into the other. Between many of the songs there is all the talking and comments the Beatles went through during the recording of the album, all left in for the "live" effect.

One of the first things on the album is a jam on "Save the Last Dance for Me," which then turns into "Don't Let Me Down." The talking continues, and songs turn into other songs. "Get Back" is also on the album and is one of the best tracks on it. The talk goes on, the chatter, the loose chords, the out of tune notes, the flat singing. But they clearly are having fun.

On the second side is a beautiful Paul McCartney ballad, titled "Let It Be." This track should be the single released from the album. The lyrics are simple, the melody is all McCartney and the instrumental is a pretty solo passage of a guitar being played through a Leslie amplifier.

The album was recorded over many weeks at Twickenham film studios in London and was done live with no baffles or intricate mixing. Little overdubbing was done, and the sound is dominated by acoustic guitars.

Doors' Movie Is a Feast for Friends

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES — The Doors' impressionistic documentary about themselves, *Feast of Friends*, was premiered quietly in June at the Cinematheque 16, a small art house on the Sunset Strip, not far from where the Doors got their own start three years ago.

The film (which takes its title from the lyric of "When the Music's Over" had been included in a benefit program at the theater a week earlier to raise money for Norman Mailer's New York mayoralty bid. At that time, it was accompanied by Andy Warhol's *I a Man* and a poetry reading by Jim Morrison and Michael McClure. At its premiere, *Feast* was shown with two other shorts.

The 40-minute film, prudently edited from a much longer and less successful version, represents nearly a year of covering the Doors in concert and on vacation and accurately captures the unique Doors personality.

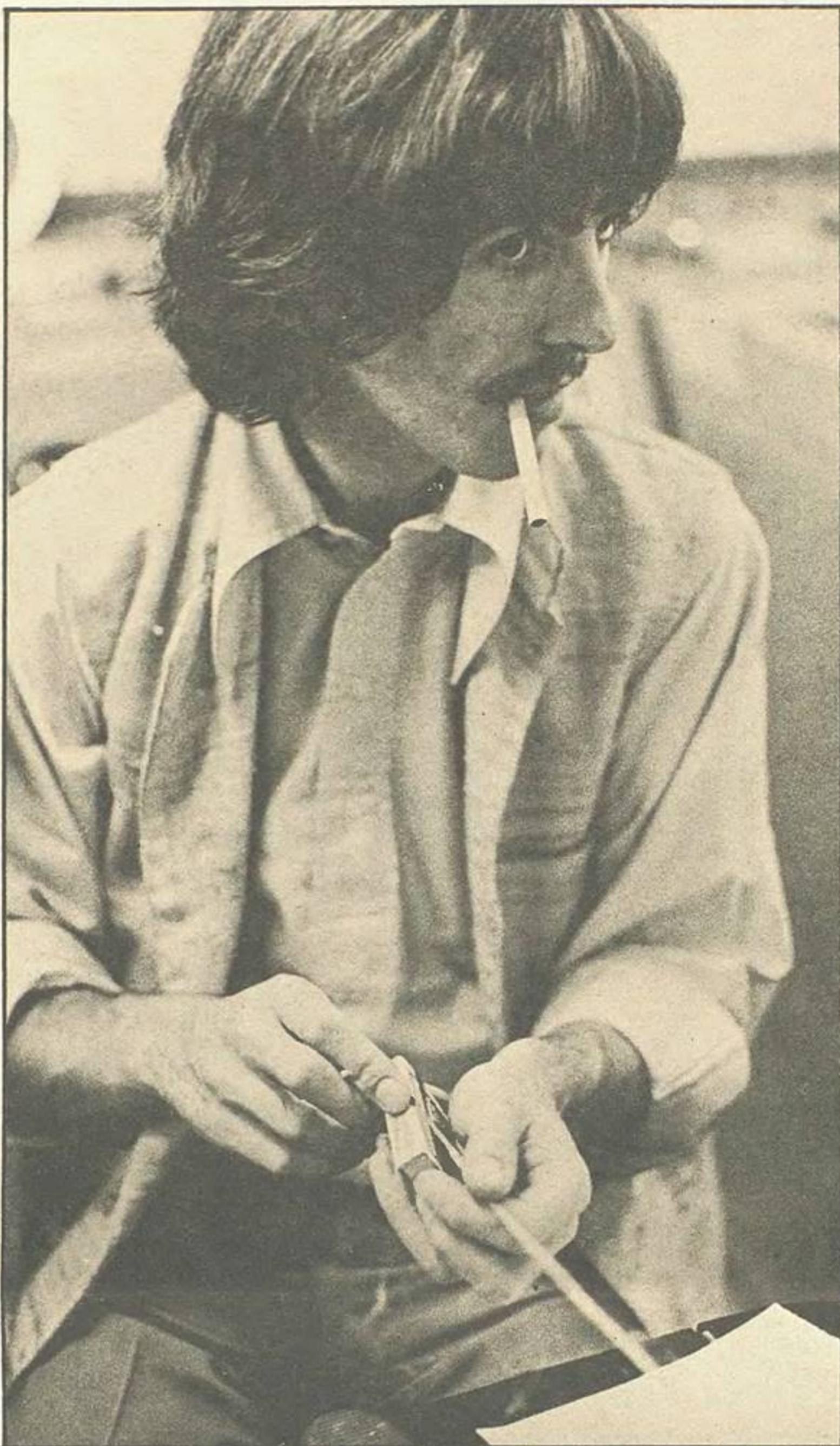
The in-performance footage stands out. Many filmed dramas and documentaries about rock have shown the clutching hands and ecstatic faces that confront the musician or singer, but no film before *Feast* has captured in so exciting a manner what actually takes place during a near-riot.

Police and college-age guards ringed the edge of one concert stage shown and Morrison tried futilely to squeeze through them so he and the audience could see each other. Then the audience rebelled. They hurled themselves at Morrison, pulling the microphone cord, scrambling between cops' legs. The guards picked the kids up and bodily heaved them back. Finally the concert was stopped and Morrison was led away.

During all this, the cameraman, Paul Ferrar, who has been a friend of Morrison's since they were at UCLA together, stayed near the Doors singer, giving the sequence something of Morrison's point of view.

Morrison has often said the film was an attempt to capture some of what they see in their travels. In an impressionistic and carefully paced filmic collage, this goal was achieved.

There are sequences showing the Doors on a monorail and the sound is the voice of a man talking about the



LINDA EASTMAN

execution of men in Vietnam. ("What the fuck are we doin' over there?" the voice asks, making a point and guaranteeing the film probably will be limited to the art house circuit.) There is a pointless bit of talk with a "minister-at-large," an unintentionally funny dialog backstage between Morrison and a girl who was hit in the head with a chair, a somewhat self-conscious but happy bit of nonsense that has Ray Manzarek and Morrison playing the piano and Robby Kreiger singing to his own guitar accompaniment, shots of the Doors on a peaceful sailing yacht.

Feast of Friends is a familiar statement nicely made, a pleasing way to spend 40 minutes. It is in black and white and (mostly) color, mixing sound-on-film with several of the Doors album tracks. ("Light My Fire" is not included, to the film's credit.)

Sound is by Babe Hill, editing by Frank Lisciandro, photography and design by Paul Ferrar, and the producers wear the Doors themselves. It was booked into the Cinematheque 16 for an indefinite run, with national distribution expected in about a month.

LOS ANGELES — Politicians in St. Louis and Honolulu have forced the cancellation of three upcoming Doors concerts, apparently believing the four musicians, and vocalist Jim Morrison in particular, are not proper entertainment for their constituents.

Action by the mayor cancelled concerts planned for July 3rd and 4th in Honolulu and by the St. Louis city council stopped a Doors performance in that city set for June 13th. The Doors office said the ruling was passed in St. Louis, despite city attorneys saying the council had no legal precedent or right to do so.

The St. Louis concert was to have been the first public appearance of the Doors in three and a half months, since Morrison was supposed to have exposed himself in Miami. Several charges filed against the singer still are

pending.

Two sold-out shows in Chicago (June 14th) and another in Minneapolis the same week were not affected by the rulings in St. Louis and Honolulu, obviously, but the cancellations did show there still were a number of people taking the much-exaggerated Miami incident seriously.

Generally, however, the climate seems to be improving for the Los Angeles-based group. Besides the concerts in Chicago and Minneapolis—and a late July gig in Mexico City—the Doors have been asked to appear in seven other cities. Arrangements are incomplete, but it is expected these performances will be held.

The Doors also will be appearing in concert in their home city this summer, at the Aquarius Theater where they will cut their first live album.

F Mac to Put Christ on Wax

LONDON — Jesus Christ has another biographer. This time it'll be the two lead guitarists of Fleetwood Mac.

Peter Green and Jeremy Spencer announced plans for an "orchestral-choral LP" to tell Jesus' life story. The record will be in addition to an album by the full band and a solo LP by Spencer, both due out before Fleetwood Mac's tour beginning in mid-July.

Green and Spencer are producing and scoring the Jesus LP. "We believe in God, and this is a serious venture," said Spencer.

Fleetwood Mac has been billed, in its two-years' existence, as a "committed blues" unit. Still, Spencer said, "I've been interested in religious epic music for some time, like *Ben Hur* and *The Greatest Story Ever Told*."

The LP, he said, will come complete with religious photographs and an accompanying story.

'Back to the Bible' For Californians

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

LOS ANGELES — California's State Board of Education, with white knights Ronald Reagan and Max Rafferty perched on its shoulders, has made a first move toward restoring morality among kids. The Board has accepted a heavily right-winged report designed to serve as the base for moral instruction guidelines in the state's public schools.

The report places heavy emphasis on J. Edgar Hoover, William F. Buckley Jr., George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, two 100-year old morals and manners texts, the Marine Corps and Navy's character-building booklets, the Bible, and God.

Put together by nine appointees of State Superintendent of Education Rafferty (who once complained that progressive education merely "glorified the trivial"), the 81-page report criticizes the U.S. Supreme Court, the United Nations, and mental health programs. It demotes Darwin's theory of evolution from "fact" to "theory," equal in emphasis to the theory of creation described in the Book of Genesis.

And it equates humanists with communists, calling humanism "a twentieth century synonym for atheism."

The report now goes to a subcommittee for editing and, according to Rafferty, "at least one or two public hearings will be held" before the Board's final stamp of approval is affixed. No huge fight is expected since the Board now has a seven-member majority of members appointed by Reagan. The subcommittee chairman, the Rev. Donn Moomaw of Los Angeles, has already said that he agrees "wholeheartedly" with the report. And he appointed his own subcommittee, made up mostly of Southern Californians.

At the Board meeting, six members of the special committee that drafted the report gave their product an emotional hype job, warning that a return to morality is the only thing that can save this country from becoming a hedonistic society ready for an easy communist takeover.

The six included three conservative GOP legislators, a fundamentalist minister from Orange County, a leader of the conservative faculty faction at U.C. Berkeley, and one of Rafferty's top assistants.

They cited drugs, sexual promiscuity, illegitimate births, crimes of violence, and sin as part of the nation's "moral crisis." No mention was made, curiously enough, on the evils of nicotine, Mil-towns, alcohol, air pollution, wife-swapping, illegitimate war-caused deaths, or police violence.

One of the alarmed aggregation was Santa Monica's Dr. Hardin Jones, medical physics professor at U.C. Berkeley, who said that the U.S. needs a "moral revitalization."

Jones, the only Negro on the committee, noted the number of pot-smokers had jumped from 50,000 to upwards of 20 million in the past several years; he predicted that within the next few years, "half of our young people between the ages of 10 and 20 will be destroyed by drugs because of the absence of any moral character in our community."

The only dissenting voice at the Board meeting was that of Harry Fosdick of the 165,000-members California Teachers Association. He issued a statement warning that the report reflects only "one kind of religious and political philosophy—essentially that of fundamental Protestantism."

To which Rafferty hotly replied, "Ludicrous! The author of the report is not only a distinguished scholar—but a Catholic as well!"

Rafferty, known in California for his rapid-firing mouth as well as for his reactionary leanings, claimed that "Humanism is a religion now being preached in our public schools. I agree that humanism should be taught, but not proselytized."

Rafferty's department was assigned by the Board he said, to draft a report on moral guidelines, and the resulting recommendations are just that: recommendations. Final implementation of any "guidelines," directives, or new regulations is up to the Board.

But, of course, it's no secret that the Board's main strings are pulled by Rafferty and Gov. Reagan.

Atlantic Records Welcomes MC5



Kicking Out the Jams

"It's mind-blowing, earsplitting, stomach-churning. The souped-up music of the MC-5 starts off in high and never throttles down . . . up from the underground has come a real Detroit sound, pulsating with the belch of its smokestacks and beat of its machinery."

—Hubert Saal
Newsweek
May 19, 1969



Brian Jones Leaves Stones

LONDON — Brian Jones has left the Rolling Stones and been replaced by Mick Taylor, former guitarist with John Mayall.

Jones announced his departure June 8th at his home in Hartfield, Sussex, stating: "I want to play my kind of music, which is no longer the Stones music."

He said the split was amicable and that he and the Stones will remain close friends. But, as he restated, "The music Mick and Keith have been writing has progressed at a tangent, as far as my own taste is concerned."

Mick Jagger confirmed the news the next day and announced Jones' replacement.

"We'd known for a few months that Brian wasn't keen," he said. "He wasn't enjoying himself and it got to the stage where we had to sit down and talk about it. So we did and decided the best thing was for him to leave."

Neither Jones nor Jagger revealed what Jones is planning for the future. Said Mick: "He's gotta do his own thing, man, and he hasn't said anything to us about it."

Mick Taylor was called in by Jagger while himself in a transitional stage. He had just left Mayall's Bluesbreakers a few weeks ago and was about to take time off to think over his future in music. He'd been with the Mayall group for two years.

According to Jagger, Taylor was picked because "he's been through the John Mayall school of guitarists—people like Peter Green and Clapton. I didn't want to go through the whole bit of auditioning guitarists, so I spoke to Mayall, a man whose judgment I respect in these matters. John just sort of grunted when I told him we'd like to see Mick, so I took it as a 'yes'."

Jagger invited Taylor to do a session with the Stones at the Barnes studios, where the Stones have cut 17 tracks for their next two albums.

"I'd never heard him live before—only on records," Jagger said, "but he got on well with Keith and he picked things up quickly, so we got the track done more quickly. He doesn't play anything like Brian. He's a bluesman and he wants to play rock and roll, so that's okay."

Taylor was scheduled to make his public debut as a Stone on June 25th and 26th at the Colosseum in Rome. The concerts are being filmed, Jagger said, for worldwide distribution. A London concert is being planned for the first week in July, and the "new" Rolling Stones may also tape a segment for David Frost's TV show to be shown in the U.S.

Jimi Hendrix Has a Brand New Bass

LOS ANGELES — Jimi Hendrix has named an old Army buddy as the bass player he may soon be recording with and hinted during a recent visit to Los Angeles that as soon as contracts allow, the Jimi Hendrix Experience may make the transition from trio to creative commune.

The bassist is Billy Cox, who was stationed with Hendrix at Ft. Campbell, Ky., several years ago when both were in the Army and then for three years following the service, in the Clarksville, Ky., and Nashville areas. Since that time, Cox has remained in Nashville, playing pickup dates and touring occasionally with Wilson Pickett, Gene Chandler and most recently, Buddy Miles.

Hendrix emphasized that Cox will not be replacing Noel Redding necessarily, although Redding has announced the formation of his own group and Cox was in Los Angeles with Hendrix, rehearsing and writing tunes. (Redding and drummer Mitch Mitchell were in London "partying," Hendrix said.) Hendrix also said all upcoming gigs would feature the Experience as it currently is.

But . . . the guitarist did say that in the future the group would not be called the Jimi Hendrix Experience or the Jimi Hendrix anything. Also, it would probably be larger in size, including writers and other vocalists as well as additional musicians, and would be performing free or on a donation basis as often as possible.



Mick Taylor, new Stone

Hendrix described the new format as a "sky church sort of thing," saying he didn't like the word "church," but "until we find something better, we'll have to use that, so we can keep identification some kind of way."

"It's best not to harp upon us—the personalities and all that," he said. "It's the whole thing, what the whole thing is trying to get across. I'd like to get hold of the Buddy Miles group and call them the Freedom Express, featuring Buddy Miles. Billy (Cox) will be our bass player. I'd like to get three soul sisters, regardless of whether they're Italian or Irish or whatever, so long as they got feeling. It's a feeling first. We have this family thing we're trying to get together, and then the money will come. Nowadays too many musicians think of the money and the image first, before they figure out what they're trying to get across."

Hendrix made these statements during a two-week working vacation, following his dope bust in Canada and a visit to Hawaii and prior to his scheduled appearance at a Los Angeles pop festival.

Working with Hendrix and Cox was the first of the songwriters Hendrix indicated would be a part of the "church" now being organized—Albert Allen of New York, formerly half of a R&B duo called the Twins.

Allen said the first time the new Hendrix combo would appear would be July 11th at the Apollo Theater in Harlem. He said this performance would be a benefit for Biafra Calls, a Harlem-based charitable organization, and also would feature Buddy Miles and Big Maybelle. Allen is serving as the concert's promoter.

Hendrix said he would introduce his "church" at the Apollo because "I'd rather experiment up there than down in the Village . . . you get very bad scenes down there; everybody cops off each other, so you don't get nothing real."

"You go uptown to hear real music in the first place, right?"

God Named Party In Prop'ty Suits

SANTA ROSA—God is alive and being sued in California.

His presence was first brought to light early last month when Lou Gottlieb went into the Sonoma County court house and deeded his 31-acre Morningstar Ranch to Him.

Gottlieb handed the \$32,000 ranch to God because he's been continually has-

sled by county authorities objecting to the hundreds of longhairs who've lived on the ranch under alleged "unhygienic conditions." Transfer of ownership wasn't easy. County Recorder Herbert Snyder kept insisting that the musicologist and ex-Limelighter was wasting his money because "there would be no grantee."

"In other words," as Gottlieb interpreted it, "he was saying there is no God. I showed him a quarter, on which was engraved 'In God We Trust.' I told him, 'It's this one.'"

Gottlieb will stay on the ranch from time to time and said he'd pay the taxes.

"It's preposterous to pay taxes for God," he said, "but for God's sake I'll pay them."

But now that God's a bona fide property owner, He's being summoned to answer civil suit charges by an Oakland secretary that he caused a lightning bolt to strike and destroy her home—nine years ago.

Attorney Russell Tansey filed the \$100,000 damage suit in behalf of Betty Penrose and said he would try to collect by laying claim to Morningstar Ranch, as God's property.

The suit blames Him for "careless and negligent" control of the weather in allowing lightning to demolish Miss Penrose's home in Phoenix in 1960.

"Plaintiff believes," the suit soberly continued, "that [God] . . . is responsible for the maintenance and operation of the universe, including the weather in and upon the State of Arizona."

"On or about August 17, 1960 . . . in such careless and negligent manner [He] caused lightning to strike the plaintiff's house, setting it on fire and startling, frightening and shocking the plaintiff."

Despite the summons, Tansey said he doesn't plan to look for the defendant but, instead, will seek a default judgment when—and if—he fails to appear in court.

Cops 'n' Robbers For the MC5

DETROIT—MC5 Manager John Sinclair went to Detroit jail and got his first haircut in three years. He went in with a magnificent shoulder length novamane. Came out with tidy Nixon length trim. An Oakland County Circuit Court judge sentenced Sinclair to 30 days for resisting arrest and assaulting an officer during an incident in July of last year outside a rock and roll club in Leonard, Michigan. Guitarist Fred Smith was acquitted of charges stemming from the

same bout. That dispute arose between the MC5 and the club's owner who didn't want them to sing an obscene number. So Sinclair found himself in the slammer for six hours while his wife rounded up \$2500 bail.

Sheriff's officers said regulations called for a haircut. "We didn't know if he was buggy or what." They got, they claimed, a "shopping bag full" of hair.

Scene: "You can't go in the cell block looking like that." Two cops grabbed Sinclair, apply a double hammer lock, drag him into a side room, plunk him in a chair, and the jail barber immediately tore into his locks.

Sinclair: "I told them they could put me in the hole, in the isolation block, in solitary, anything. But they didn't have to cut my hair. They gave me bullshit all the way through. One cat kept saying like, 'You're starting to look like a human being.'

Sinclair points out that the prison regulations call for finger prints, photographs and a haircut. All he got was a haircut, "and they were in one big fucking hurry to get it on."

"They'll pay for it one way or another—if not legally, extra-legally. I've got tremendous grounds for a damage suit. This is like cutting off a piano player's hands. I'm in the entertainment business."

More cop and robbers for the MC5: bassist Michael Davis was busted by Ann Arbor police on a larceny rap on June 10th. A drugstore manager claimed he'd stolen a pair of sunglasses. He was taken to jail but before he could be bailed out, the Ann Arbor cops turned Davis over to Oak Park (a nearby town) cops on a traffic charge, and he overnighted at the Oak Park jail. The MC5 deny everything and promise that Campus Korner Drugstore "will surely face the wrath of the people through lawsuits from the MC5."

Keep on Truckin', Dopers — It's OK

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON — Score two for the dope set: (1) A six week study here has concluded that it's safer to drive stoned on grass than swacked on booze, and (2) in Washington, D.C., the head of the National Science Board says he believes there is no scientific proof that smoking cannabis is addictive or leads to harder stuff.

The driving study was done with an automobile version of an aircraft trainer and was conducted by Alfred Crancer Jr., chief researcher of the Washington State Department of Motor Vehicles.

What his study showed, he announced early this month, was that a person can drive as well when he's high as he can while straight. But if he's been drinking, he's likely to be about 15% less capable behind the wheel.

On the other hand, Crancer said, marijuana does not make a driver any less a threat on the road than the average driver. In short, no better; no worse.

Crancer also cautioned that the driving-simulator machine is easier to operate than a real car and that one important facet the machine could not test was whether grass or booze would alter the speed at which subjects normally drive.

He is putting together another project which will allow testing in actual automobiles. The cars, he said, would be specially-equipped and the test designed to avoid serious accidents.

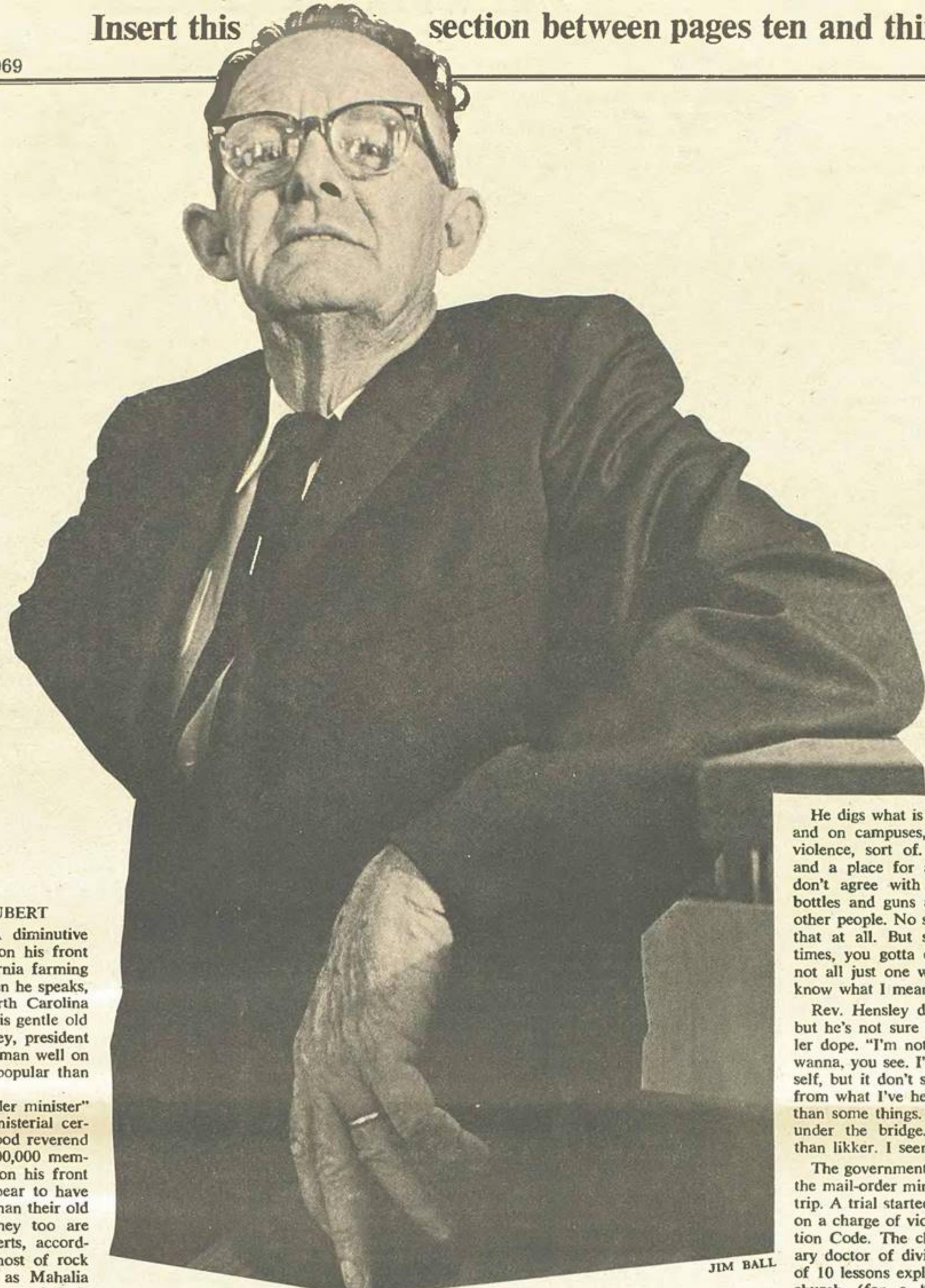
Meanwhile, in D.C., Dr. Philip Handler soft-pedaled the effects of grass in testimony at a House appropriations subcommittee hearing.

Handler, chairman of the department of biochemistry at Duke University and chairman of the board that sets the policies of the National Science Foundation, said that "the evidence that marijuana is addictive is not conclusive at all—quite the opposite, as far as I can make out."

Blaming "our puritan ethics" for the Establishment's anti-grass views and laws, Handler said it remains for science to decide whether marijuana is dangerous to society.

"Very obviously," he told the lawmakers, "if alcohol were discovered tomorrow for the first time we would consider it exactly in the same light and wonder whether or not our society should accept it."

Whether or not grass leads to harder drugs is also a question "that requires very clear and insightful investigation of the facts," the professor said.



JIM BALL

100,000

Sons of A
Preacherman

BY ROBERT W. NEUBERT

MODESTO, CALIF.—A diminutive old man often sits rocking on his front porch in the Central California farming community of Modesto. When he speaks, the earnest twang of a North Carolina preacherman fills the air. This gentle old man is Rev. Kirby J. Hensley, president of Universal Life Church, a man well on his way to becoming more popular than Jesus.

Often called the "mail order minister" for the easily-obtainable ministerial certificates he hands out, the good reverend already claims more than 100,000 members in the sect he created on his front porch. The Beatles now appear to have more faith in Rev. Hensley than their old guru, the Maharishi, for they too are ULC ministers. Other converts, according to the reverend, are a host of rock stars and entertainers such as Mahalia Jackson, Rowan and Martin, and S. I. Hayakawa, acting president of San Francisco State College.

The tan, wrinkled reverend is self-proclaimed president of Universal Life Church, Inc., a loosely-knit religious organization incorporated in California since 1962. He says the ULC includes students, lawyers, doctors and politicians, in addition to religious and social drop-outs, and other people amused at the prospect of becoming men of the cloth overnight.

One need only send Rev. Hensley a letter asking to be ordained into the church. Everyone who applies is accepted, and what constitutes the ordination ceremony usually occurs quickly: The reverend's wife, Lida G., or an assistant types the applicant's name on a gold and black certificate. A set of credentials is sent to the proselyte and his name is entered in the church rolls.

Ordination by typewriter is quite legal, the state attorney general's office admits reluctantly. The certificates are for real. As a legal minister, one can perform marriages and baptisms, officiate at funerals and church dedications, assemble a congregation and take up collections. A Universal Life minister is empowered to ordain other ministers and age and sex are no barrier. There are other advantages to being a minister. Some transportation firms give licensed ministers reduced travel rates. Churches, whether converted homes or massive cathedrals, are exempt from property taxes. But potential draft deferments are what thousands of the reverend's flock seek. He says his underground sources reject the claim of Selective Service officials that no deferments have been granted to ULC ministers. He adds some of his ministers have become chaplains. Military spokesmen also predictably deny this.

Rev. Hensley says the church has a simple doctrine:

"It only believes in that which is right. We believe that everyone has a right to

his own conviction and a right to express it. We recognize everyone's belief. The ULC will provide anyone with a charter if he or she wants to open a church. We have no control over the church. The folks who start one decide on the kind of meetin's they'll have."

This laissez-faire philosophy, combined with timely doses of publicity, has helped membership spurt about 80,000 in the last half-year. Over 2,000 letters a day pour into sleepy Modesto, according to the 57-year-old reverend. As many as 200 visitors a day filter through the fading green stucco structure which serves as "international headquarters" and home for Lida G. and three of his five children.

Blacks, orientals and American Indians have joined the church, but "we don't git too much of the Mexican type. It's 'cause of their religion, you see, because they been brought up as Catholics."

In San Francisco, an unemployed lad with long red hair heads a congregation with a guiding precept similar to that laid down by the mother church. The motto? "Different strokes for different folks. I sort of consider myself a contemporary gaddfy," the San Francisco preacher said. "The Universal Life Church gives me a chance to dip my tail into the ointment and stir up some shit."

Most ULC members around San Jose are college students. Many Bay Area ministers come from Berkeley or the depths of the Haight-Ashbury. The number of college students continues to grow, for in recent months Rev. Hensley has spoken at a number of West Coast campuses, including "one of them big colleges down south." On a visit to San Francisco State in May, the reverend said he ordained 5,000 students with a wave of the hand. An ordination certificate was awarded to acting president Hayakawa. The tam o' shantered strikebuster was not available for comment on his change of religion.

Lida G. isn't quite sure why the ULC is doing so well in San Francisco, but one of the editors of Good Times, an underground newspaper of that city, has some possible answers:

"A lot of the church's popularity is due to what might be called a revival of the spirit," he said. "People are getting tired of the role politics is playing with their lives, and they're turning to the Universal Life Church."

"The Establishment is very worried about Hensley, because he has knowledge of mystical powers that have been guarded by power groups throughout history. As more people become aware of this mystical experience they will create a structure to work with the system and eventually have a controlling influence."

A professor of foreign affairs in the Midwest says there are two basic trends in the world today which might help explain the church's rising popularity—"decentralization and cellular growth." Rev. Hensley's interpretation of religion appears to fit nicely into both, the Good Times editor believes.

Rev. Hensley's blue eyes sparkle through his bifocals when he chuckles, leans back in his shawl-covered rocker, and says he never learned to read or write. He's been around a lot for a good ol' boy from rural North Carolina, and despite his literary handicap he said he once roamed the Bible Belt as a Pentecostal firebreather. Earlier, when he still belonged to the Baptist faith, he paid college students \$3 an hour to read the Bible aloud. Because of his amazing memory, he still can quote at length from the Scriptures.

"But that little black book has put a lot of people in the grave, if ya know what I mean," he said in his chuckle-twang. While the reverend rejects Establishment religions, he's complimentary toward hip people alienated from the materialistic U. S. society. After all, many are brethren.

He digs what is going on in the streets and on campuses, but decries excessive violence, sort of. "Now there's a time and a place for a man to fight, but I don't agree with takin' up bricks and bottles and guns and things and hurtin' other people. No sir. I'm not for none of that at all. But sometimes, yah, sometimes, you gotta defend yourself, so it's not all just one way or the other, if ya know what I mean."

Rev. Hensley doesn't drink or smoke, but he's not sure that grass is really killer dope. "I'm not for or against marry-wanna, you see. I've never had none myself, but it don't seem to do much harm from what I've heard. At least it's better than some things. Wine is what'll put ya under the bridge. Wine is even worse than likker. I seen it kill a lot of folks."

The government is determined to derail the mail-order minister from his religious trip. A trial started May 19th in San Jose on a charge of violating the State Education Code. The church gives out honorary doctor of divinity degrees and a set of 10 lessons explaining how to set up a church (for a "free will offering of \$20"). But the attorney general's office claims the ULC is a non-accredited institution, and as such cannot issue honorary degrees.

Rev. Hensley pleaded innocent, and on the advice of his Modesto lawyer, waived a jury trial. "With all the publicity we're gonna git, I don't see how no judge can possibly find me guilty. They're tryin' to git away with tryin' me 'stead of the church, if ya know what I mean. But the church is what issues the degrees, not me."

"And even so, a church should have just as much right to give out honorary doctor of divinities as any silly ol' school. Who is better qualified than a church? Religion ain't somethin' learned in a schoolroom."

For an illiterate man, Rev. Hensley is not stupid. He knows exactly what publicity can do for him, and he's gleefully riding the current wave of notoriety. Today Modesto, tomorrow the world, seems to be his strategy as the church gains momentum.

Win or lose, Rev. Hensley plans to continue as leader of the church. He's currently seeking a larger headquarters in Modesto, and he's hired 12 people to handle the avalanche of mail.

Whereas as the beginning of the year he issued about 100 sets of licenses a day, the figures have mushroomed twenty-fold.

Rev. Hensley titters when it is suggested that very soon he may indeed become more popular than Jesus. Six months ago he dreamed of one million ULC members in five years. The recent crush of mail has caused him to revise his goal to only two years.

"I don't think there's any other religion in the whole United States that can say it's got 100,000 ordained ministers. If ya look at it that way, we's as big as any Christian religion."

But then Jesus never heard of the six-cent stamp.



Blind Faith Debuts: 'Well All Right'

LONDON — Blind Faith had a "rehearsal" at Hyde Park June 7th, and 150,000 people, including Mick Jagger, Marianne Faithfull, Richie Havens, and Donovan, showed up to lend an ear.

Ginger Baker told the massive throng, straight-faced, that "this is just our first rehearsal." But the audience knew better. It was the public debut for a "super-group" long in the making, and it was perhaps the event of the year.

The much-publicized free concert started around 1 p.m. (Blind Faith weren't due to appear until 5) when the crowd began overflowing into the natural amphitheatre known as the Cockpit. Several thousand had slept at the park the night before in anticipation of the concert, and by 2:30 p.m., when the first band came on, the crowd was nearing the 100,000 mark.

Two prelim acts warmed the audience up. Then Havens took the stage and delivered "A High Flying Bird," "Magie's Farm," and "Freedom," among other numbers, to work the audience emotionally as well as physically together.

A surprise appearance by Donovan was next. He borrowed Havens' guitar, sang hello to the roaring crowd, and did four numbers, closing with a sing-along version of "Colours."

Short break . . . then Blind Faith—Stevie Winwood, Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker, and Rick Grech strode onto the stage, and a wall of cameramen in front of the stage surged forward to record musical history.

From the very first number of Blind Faith's hour-plus performance, Stevie Winwood's dominance shone through. He did every vocal — including "I'd Rather See You Sleeping on the Ground," "Means to an End," and, in tribute to Jagger, "Under My Thumb."

The group opened up with, of all things, Buddy Holly's "Well All Right," with Winwood on electric piano. The majority of tunes, however, were slower, tastier, and more tightly-arranged than the music of, say, Cream. Still, Baker had a drum-solo spotlight (in apparent response to numerous fans who shouted out, "Toad, Baker!"), and even Grech, the ex-Family bassist, did a solo which drew a warm wave of applause. Clapton was his usual controlled, masterfully subtle self throughout.

The next day, the London press tried to give an accurate impression of what went down. The Daily Mirror called it "one of the most remarkable and amiable gatherings of young people ever seen in this country." Another paper, the London Evening News, was a little off the mark. They reported the event as "the farewell Cream concert."



BY AMBROSE HOLLINGSWORTH

Cancer is the Cardinal Water Sign. Ruled by the Moon it governs childbirth, the breast, stomach and womb and is associated with both sailing and the home.

This is the Sign of the Mother. That's why a Cancer incarnation is extremely difficult for most males. It's difficult enough to express masculinity through water, the Sign of the Mother is the most difficult of all. By the opposite side of the same token Capricorn is said to be the most difficult Sign through which to incarnate as a woman. Capricorn is the Sign of the Father.

Capricorn is Cardinal Earth, Cancer is Cardinal Water. Cardinal means first or generative or example. Adam, the first mortal of the genesis of man was said to have been made of clay. After that the breath of the Maker (which is like fire) was breathed through him and he was alive! By now we have observed clay to be earth and water. A Natural Law is revealed to those who are meant to see the Truth that way, through that window.

Water is the agent of creation. Earth is the substance of the form but water is the agent. The creative forces which make a baby are generated, held, carried in a fluid. The baby itself is assembled in a fluid, when the womb phase is over the water bag breaks and the child is born. Its first routine act of life is a cry reminiscent of watery tears. The first food is in a liquid.

Water is that which washes and is the universal solvent. Water lubricates and it also freezes. Water cycle, emotional cycle, menstrual cycle, spring,

tides and the moon. Water people and watery people relate in consciousness through associations, impressions and internal responses. Their ways do not include information useable to those who demand facts and reasons. They do not add 2 and 2, they sympathize with it. But they do come up with 4. Or rather they get the feeling of 4, and if necessary it can be translated into 4. It's more of numerology than arithmetic. We might stop laughing at the ways of water since they do come up with the same answer and accumulate even more of something along the process.

The ways of emotion can never be explained or accounted for except emotionally. They can never be spoken nor written, they can only be felt or emoted. Music is the special art of the emotion. You can only tell water because it's wet.

Water is by nature receptive. Men who will not listen or relate to women as equal human beings are shutting out half of the truth of life. And it's been said "within every woman there's a man, within every man there's a woman." If we try to disregard emotion as a necessary part of reality we lose, anyway we look at it.

Called the Sign of the Home, Cancer is expected therefore to prefer to stay in one place no matter what. Traveling in search of true home, some Cancerians never settle down. The Hermit crab makes his home in the abandoned shells of other sea creatures. A highly developed Cancerian can assemble a home anywhere. The necessary incentive is a family whether by birth or otherwise adopted.

Cancer is the House of the Moon, face of many phases, many moods. From an earthy point of view the Water Signs — Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces — never completely incarnate, they never fully arrive on earth. This is the cause of much confusion and misunderstanding. Water Signs, although verbose, are not inclined to spell things out. Through Cancer, the Mother Sign, this often manifests (strangely enough) as an apparent reluctance to truly participate in life, a reluctance to create, a holding back of the real opinion or feeling.

Cancer is very shy for one thing, the moon hides her face in a storm, and often is just plain not interested in explaining or expressing at the time. Perhaps most intimately true is the relationship of the Sign to such things. Truth is so precious that every utterance is a pregnancy and a birth complete with pains and traumas and even "false labor." Not everyone can follow a scene like that.

Cancerians will take care of you like no one else would or even could. Mind, body and soul all secure in the strong embrace of the Mother of the Zodiac. You will be fed, clothed, sheltered and loved, although maybe a bit possessively.

The womb is regarded by the general Orient as the Gate from Heaven into physical being, a spiritual death. That all depends upon our definitions of life and death. Maybe for most of us life is interrupted by birth and death. Just what is the opposite of death: birth or life? Is it all a matter of life and death or birth and death?

Among the knick-knacks of the Fourth House of Heaven are: E-flat, yellow-orange, the Chariot of the Tarot, the sea, the crab, sea food in general, tenacity, feeding people, bottom of the pool, the sphinx, the embrace, Queen-mother or dowager queen, old age, the safety pin, security, the knack of last minute rescue, arm-waving gestures, cooking and explaining. In the Minor Arcana of the Tarot Cancer is represented by the 2, 3, and 4 of Cups. The safety pin is a fine demonstration of the power of Cancer which exerts no strain yet never lets go.

Born out of time many Cancerians are interested in history, antiques and other reminders of the reality of the past. Children of Cancer parents who escape suffocation and smothering are treated to a childhood free of any care, safe from parental quarrels or family rupture, rarely to experience hunger. In the mother-love care of the Fourth House, one may rise right up out of the womb into the higher air of the earth experience high above the "valley of the moon."

Rock Unsafe at Any Volume

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Ralph Nader, the man who put the "safe" into safety automobiles, is aiming to take some of the rock out of rock and roll.

Specifically, he is saying that amplified rock should be controlled by state and local governmental restrictions. Claiming that high-decibel rock is producing a new generation of Americans with impaired hearing, Nader urged two Senate subcommittees to conduct hearings on the matter.

Hard rock volumes were measured between 100 and 116 decibels in several Washington clubs, Nader said, with numbers reaching up to 138 in go-go clubs elsewhere in the country. The pain threshold is said to be 140 decibels.

Nader also cited, in his letters to the Senate subcommittees, previous studies at the University of Florida relating 90-decibel dance music to teenagers' hearing losses in certain high ranges of spoken sounds.

Nader suggested that local agencies could classify rock noise above certain prescribed levels as a "public nuisance," require ear protectors for musicians and band hall workers, and require sound-proofing of dance halls and clubs.



**The
Beatles**

**Ballad
of
John
and
Yoko**

**Old
brown
shoe**

Apple 
Records
#2531

Beethoven Was Black and Proud

BY JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

OAKLAND—A disc jockey at an R&B station here has triggered an unexpected controversy over his use of a between-records reminder that "Beethoven was black." Doug Cass, a 28-year-old DJ with KDIA—the top-rated soul station in the San Francisco Bay Area—began using the mind-grabbing slogan several months ago and has since then received hundreds of letters from all over the country, including a good number from scholars, Birchers, clergymen and housewives. Many contain requests for a two-page list of references which purportedly authenticates Beethoven's Negroid features. Anticipating a possible revival of interest in the composer, Cass has formed Beethoven Was Black, Inc., to handle the marketing of bumper stickers, turtleneck sweat shirts and educational materials for classroom use. It could be just the beginning.

Shortly after being aired on KDIA, Cass's claim was the focus of a heated debate on another station's talk show. Interest spread to southern California where the subject generated a similar commotion at a talk-formatted outlet in Los Angeles. Shortly thereafter Soul Publications picked up the story in its syndicated radio station fan magazine. And in May Life ran articles on the Cass thesis in both its international editions.

Asked about the validity of Cass's sources, a spokesman for Life advised ROLLING STONE that its research department in New York had verified all references which had been quoted in the articles.

Cass—soft-spoken and cordial—is aware he could be accused of trying to cash in on black identity (albeit tastefully), but he claims he stumbled onto the idea of Beethoven's blackness, and that moreover it has a solid basis in fact.

"Since KDIA produces 'Profiles in Black' (a syndicated series of two-minute vignettes of famous black men in American history), there has always been a lot of discussion around the station about prominent black people. Beethoven's name kept cropping up so one day I decided to check it out. I discovered that Alexander Thayer, who wrote the definitive study of the composer's life (1770-1827), never says outright that Beethoven was black yet all the descriptions in his book strongly emphasize his Negroid features.

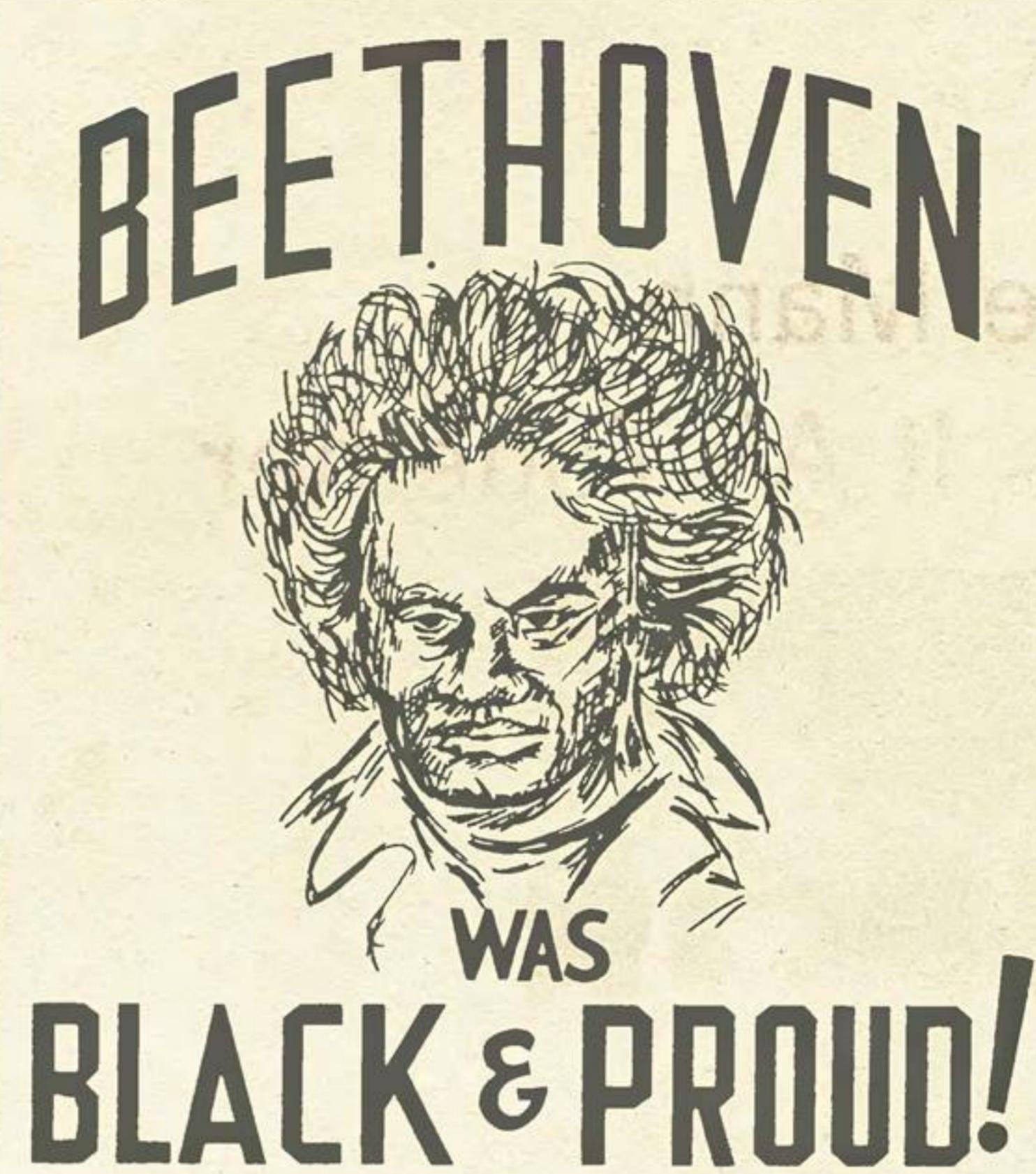
"In many states a person is considered legally black if he is only one-eighth Negro. The evidence I found suggests Beethoven was at least that—and maybe then some. . . . What I was looking for was enough supporting evidence to refute any scholar's claim that Beethoven's skin was not black. But even at that I had no idea what a fuss it would cause."

Much of Cass's hate mail accuses him of maligning his race by spreading fabrications and telling outright lies. Though he is currently rated the most popular Negro disc jockey in the Bay Area, Cass is white.

Among Cass's references are several quotes from the Fischer manuscript, a lengthy collection of reminiscences written by Cecilia Fischer and her younger brother Gottfried, both close friends of the Beethoven clan. Frau Fischer describes the young Ludwig as "short, stocky, broad shoulders, short neck, thick head, round nose, blackish, brown complexion." Cass also refers to similar descriptions by Beethoven's contemporaries contained in the three-volume Thayer study.

While the Beethoven family tree has been traced as far back as the beginning of the 16th century, its blood lines are unclear at several junctures. The family originated in the Limbourg region between Belgium and the Netherlands, two countries which had known many years of Spanish rule. Conceivably the prominent Negro strain introduced at the time of the Moorish invasion of Spain found its way northward to Limbourg. Outside of this hypothesis, the most interesting of the composer's ancestors was the wife of family forefather Arnold Van Beethoven who in 1595 was accused of witchcraft and summarily burned at the stake.

According to Professor Joseph Kerman, a well-known Beethoven scholar at U.C. Berkeley, the suggestion that



Beethoven may have had some Negro ancestry is something new.

"We do know that Van Beethoven is a Dutch name and that his original ancestors came to Bonn, Germany, 100 years prior to his birth. . . . But in the Thirties, the Nazis were very anxious to prove that Beethoven was a real German and not a Dutchman. So they went into family records in great detail to prove this, all of which I think was a waste of time. Beethoven certainly thought of himself as a German and everybody regarded him as one."

Regardless of Beethoven's racial make-up, his extraordinary creativity and musical genius earned him the distinction of being his generation's premier superstar—according to Prof. Kerman.

"People in those days were so fascinated with the idea of artistic genius that Beethoven was allowed to live in a completely independent, arrogant, bohemian existence. He never got married, he got people to do things for him. He had all kinds of slaves around who would do his shopping for him. He was a great iconoclast who somehow managed to carry it off with the aristocracy. There are all sorts of stories about how he would spill his soup and throw things at them. . . . It was quite extraordinary. The aristocracy would give him money with no strings attached and have him teach their daughters."

Despite his independence, Beethoven was generally unhappy, terribly neurotic, and gloriously eccentric. Though he was extremely ugly (his face was badly scarred from smallpox), he was roaringly successful with girls. His escapades with the groupies of the day gave rise to an enormous amount of literature about his love life. Though his music was unamplified, he nevertheless suffered a hearing loss around age 30 (some say because of syphilis). The onset of deafness brought on a nervous breakdown, a near suicide, followed by a period during which he wrote his most significant works—many of which he was never to hear.

So animated were his gestures that Beethoven was at one point accused of starting a cattle stampede in the country when he walked past a herd flailing his arms while in furious conversation with a colleague. Though incitement to stampede was a misdemeanor offense, no charges were pressed.

His propensity for gesticulation continued even to his death. The final incident in his life occurred as he lay dying in a coma, surrounded by close friends. A loud thunderclap from a gathering storm was heard outside, at which point he sat up and raised a clenched fist skyward. Then he expired. Over 20,000 attended the great master's funeral.

The evidence is far from conclusive, but Beethoven just might have been soul brother No. 1.

be made for the formal concerts, which will showcase all kinds of San Francisco music, from raunchy cowboy rock to opera.

"Wild West" will be geared to the entire community, with special activities planned for kids. It's being pitched as a "celebration of the spirit of art and music in today's wild west—which is San Francisco and the Bay Area."

L. A. Gives Dylan Gospel Treatment

LOS ANGELES—Twenty-seven L.A. studio backup singers have been gathered together to give 10 Dylan songs a gospel treatment for album release later this month.

The LP is entitled *Dylan Gospel*, was conceived and produced by Lou Adler and will be released on Adler's Ode label. Adler is calling the chorus-choir The Brothers and Sisters of Los Angeles.

"Sometimes there were more than 27 voices," Adler said, "because on several occasions real brothers and sisters stopped by and grabbed a part. It sounds corny, but that was the spirit of the thing. The tape stopped, but they were still singing."

The voices include Edna Love of the Blossoms, Gloria Jones (who had a hit called "Heartbeat" three years ago and is currently featured in the local production of *Hair*), Mary Clayton and Don Hyatt.

In all, Adler said there were five lead voices used, but because of contractual obligations he said he could not name them. Most have recording contracts, he said, but all are permitted to sing background parts.

The songs on the LP are "Lay Lady Lay," "Chimes of Freedom," "I Shall Be Released," "The Times They Are A-Changing," "All Along the Watchtower," "The Mighty Quinn," "Just Like a Woman," "Mr. Tambourine Man," "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" and "My Back Pages."

Adler said the album was recorded in two days and was "like a reunion for these people. They all know each other, but they don't often get together—and never all at one time. It was a party, it really was. We served champagne at the end of the second day. In fact, you can hear the party going on during the final cut."

Festival Notes

NEWPORT, R.I.—The Blind Faith Festival (July 11th) no longer features just Blind Faith. Added to the program: Booker T. & the M.G.'s and Delaney and Bonnie and Friends, and an English group called Free.

* * *

NEW YORK CITY—Barring snowstorms and musicians' strikes, there'll be 33 concerts in Central Park this summer, making up what's being called the Schaefer Music Festival.

The shows, each one a two-act event, will take place at Wollman Rink, will be cheap (\$1.50 orchestra; \$1.00 balcony), and will be early in the evening (16 of them go from 7 to 9:30 and 16 from 8 to 10:30). The leftover show is a 6 PM affair.

Shows encompass comedy, blues, jazz and straight pop as well as rock. Among the shows slated:

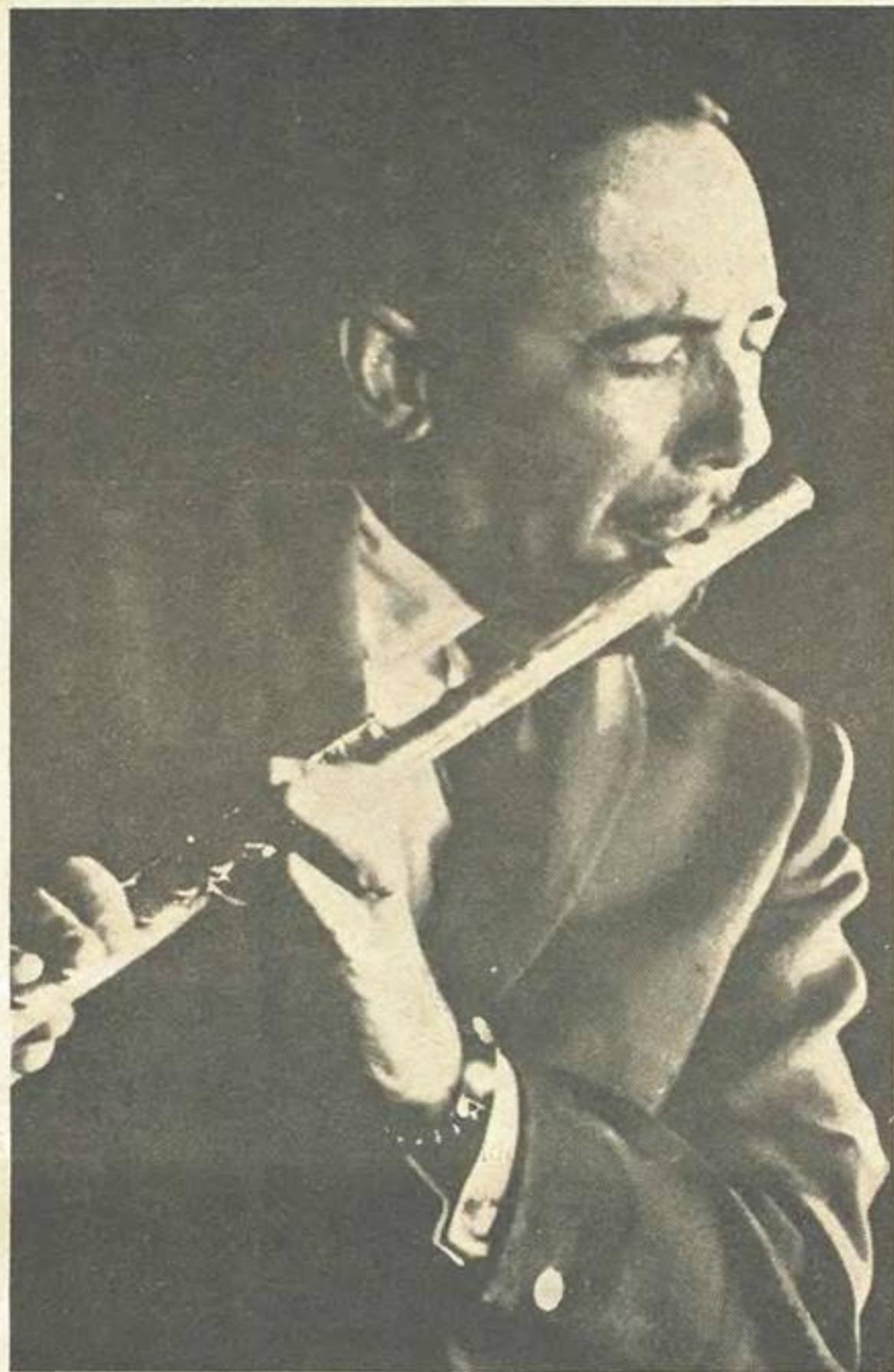
July 2nd: Jerry Lee Lewis and Pacific Gas and Electric; July 12th: Chuck Berry and the Grateful Dead; July 19th: Cannonball Adderly and Sweet Inspirations; July 26th: Sly and the Family Stone and Slim Harpo; July 28th: Butterfield and Jethro Tull; August 1st: Beach Boys and Neil Young; August 6th: Little Richard and Checkmates Ltd.; and August 23rd: Sam and Dave Revue and Patti LaBelle and the Blue Belles.

The festival, sponsored by F&M Schaefer, a beer company, has been okayed by New York City's Parks Commissioner. For more details, call (212) 249-8870.

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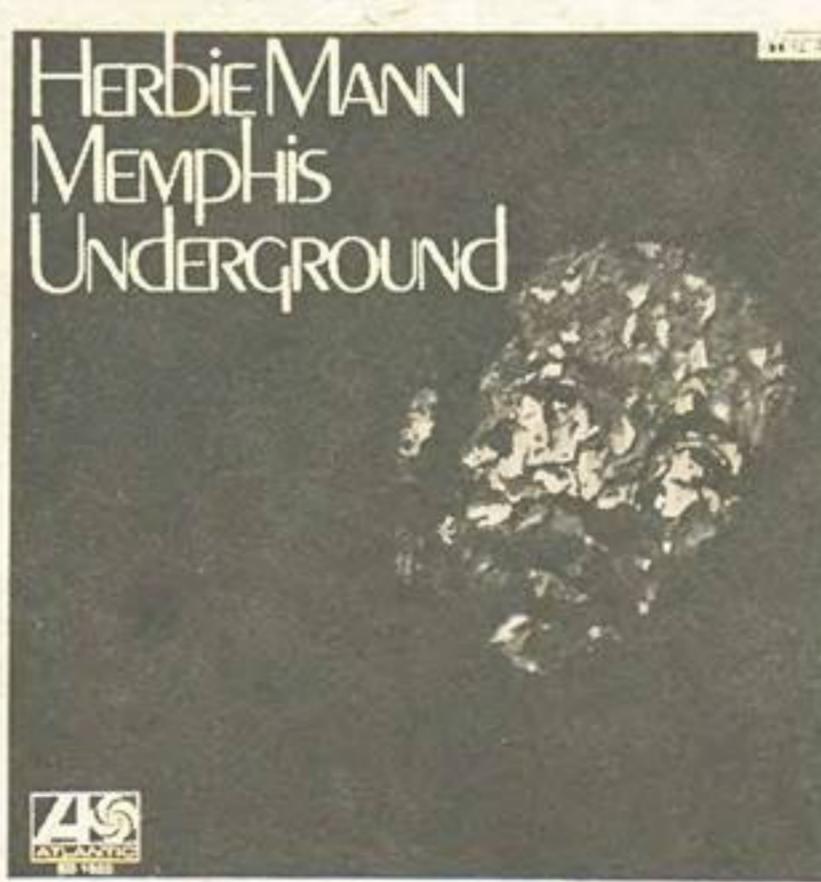
COLORADO—The Aspen Summer Festival of Love, loosely planned for a two-week chunk of July, has been cancelled.

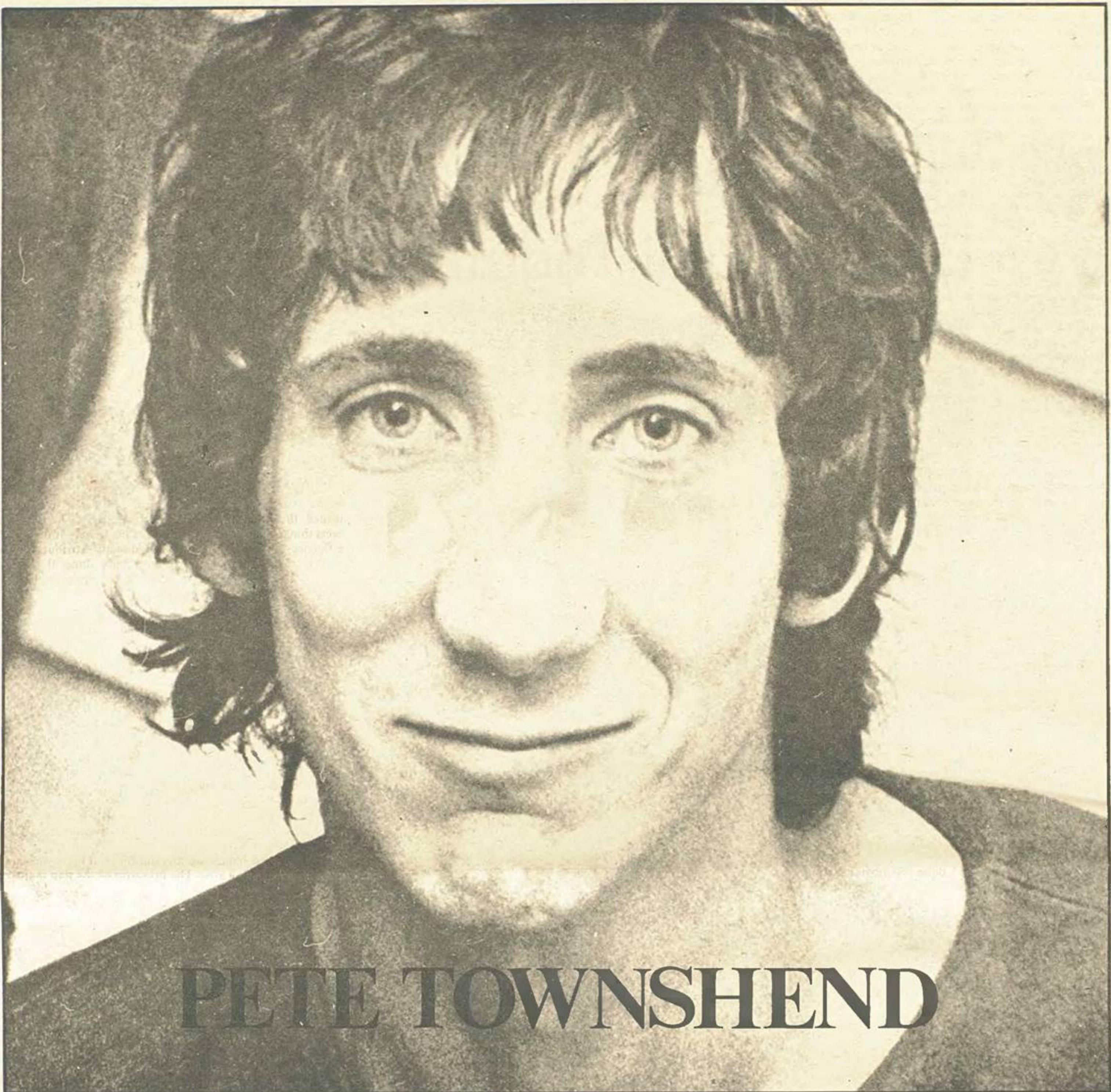
Herbie Mann Brings It All Together



Jazz And The Memphis Sound

A few months ago Herbie Mann journeyed from New York to Memphis to record his great group with the legendary Memphis rhythm section, the same musicians who have performed on scores of hit singles and albums. Herbie's group and the Memphis cats recorded a wide variety of material, originals like *Memphis Underground*, golden oldies like Sam & Dave's *Hold On, I'm Coming*, Aretha's *Chain Of Fools*, the mid-50's hit *New Orleans*, and a unique version of the venerable *Battle Hymn Of The Republic*. The result is "Memphis Underground," a brilliant merger of cookin' jazz and gutty Memphis rhythms. It's so tasty it could start a whole new jazz-rock trend.





S.K.R. PHOTOS

PETE TOWNSHEND

RICK SANDERS & DAVID DALTON

At long last, *Tommy* is with us. Pete Townshend's been talking about doing his opera for years. And now we have a double album set that's probably the most important milestone in pop since Beatlemania. For the first time, a rock group has come up with a full-length cohesive work that could be compared to the classics.

The central character is Tommy himself. Born during the First World War, he becomes blind, deaf and dumb after seeing a murder by his parents in a mirror, becomes a pinball champion, reaches a state of grace, regains his senses and starts his own religion, is eventually discarded by his disciples somewhere in the far distant future, finds himself as isolated as he was in the beginning. The opera is, apart from being some of the best rock yet, a statement of Townshend's philosophy. "It's about life", he says.

Pete has often spoken of his opera in the past. Pieces from a projected bigger work appeared on *A Quick One* and *The Who Sell Out*, but *Tommy*, which took two years to complete, owes little to these. The germ of the opera in fact came from a single, *Glow Girl*, which was never released.

"*Glow Girl*", explains Pete, "led me to the idea of *It's A Boy, Mrs Walker* (the first song on the album). But that would have been too blunt an opening, so I did the *Overture*. This clues you in to a lot of the themes and gives a continuity to the individual tracks – you think you've heard them before because they've been stated in the overture. It gives more of a flow and strengthens the whole thing."

One of the central themes of *Tommy* is the play between self and illusory self. It's expressed by Tommy (the real self) who can see nothing but his reflection (illusory self) in the mirror – "There had to be a loophole so I could show this. The boy has closed himself up completely as a result of the murder and his parents' pressures, and the only thing he can see is his reflection in the mirror. This reflection – his illusory self – turns out to be his eventual salvation.

"In general terms, man is regarded as living in an unreal world of illusory values that he's imposed on himself. He's

feeling his way by evolution back to God-realisation and the illusion is broken away, bit by bit. You need the illusions until you reach very pure saintly states. When you lose all contact with your illusory state, you become totally dead – but totally aware. You've died for the last time. You don't incarnate again; you don't do anything again – you just *blend*. It's the realisation of what we all intellectually know – universal consciousness – but it's no good to know until you can actually realise it.

"Tommy's real self represents the aim – God – and the illusory self is the teacher; life, the way, the path and all this. The coming together of these are what make him aware. They make him see and hear and speak so he becomes a saint who everybody flocks to."

"The boy's life starts to represent the whole nature of humanity – we all have this self-imposed deaf, dumb and blindness – but this isn't something I'm over heavy on", says Pete. "I'm more concerned about what actually happens in his life."

Having lost most of his senses, Tommy feels everything simply as rhythms and vibration. Everything reaches him as music.

"He gets everything in a very pure, filtered, unadulterated, unfucked-up manner. Like when his uncle rapes him – he is incredibly elated, not disgusted, at being homosexually raped. He takes it as a move of total affection, not feeling the reasons why. Lust is a lower form of love, like atomic attraction is a lower form of love. He gets an incredible spiritual push from it where most people would get a spiritual retardment, constantly thinking about this terrible thing that's happened to them."

"In Tommy's mind, everything is incredible, meaningless beauty."

The songs in the opera, then, have to convey an amazing amount. It's possible that all that's in Townshend's mind won't come across by simply sitting down and listening to the album. There's too much, on too many levels, for a casual listener. But on the simplest level, the songs are magnificent, simply as rock.

"You see, each song has to capsule an event in the boy's life, and also the feeling, what has ensued, and cover and knit-up all the possibilities in all the other fields of action

that are suggested. All these things had to be tied up in advance and then referred back to. I can tell you it was quite difficult."

Touch is the one sense that Tommy still has in the early part of the album. McLuhan says that touch is a combination of all the senses at once: "Yea, I read that. I went into McLuhan quite deeply once. For someone that can see, sight has an absurdly high percentage over the other senses in terms of mental concentration. But if you can't see or hear, touch must come totally alive. The most excruciating thing known to man isn't blazing light – it's pain. The heights of pleasure are felt through touch – at least on a physical level – and the early part of the opera is on physical level."

All but three of the songs were written by Pete – one by Keith Moon and two being by John Entwistle, *Fiddle About* and *Cousin Kevin*. Says Pete: "I didn't want to do them. I didn't think I could be cruel enough. They're ruthlessly brilliant songs because they are just as cruel as people can be. I wanted to show that the boy was being dealt with very cruelly and it was because he was being dismissed as a freak."

One of the lines is: "There's a lot I can do with a freak". Pete explains, "I would have avoided that, but it's nice to have it in."

This leads to the general subject of freakishness, and Tiny Tim is brought into the conversation: "Seeing through the shit to the talent is the answer. Practically every talented person spends most of his time hiding his talent – or freakiness. This fascinates me. Some hide it behind the aura of being a superstar in glittering showbusiness. The reason is the remoteness it creates – the more remote they become, the more powerful they are as star figures. Rock is built on it. I mean, I speak to Mick Jagger on the telephone all the time, and I still can't be normal with him – well, because he's him."

Does Townshend consider himself a freak? "I suppose so. I don't know. I did very much so when we first started. But I don't really want to talk about me and my freakiness."

A recurring theme in *Tommy* is the boy's repeated outburst: "Feel me, touch me."

"We can't play it on stage for laughing now, but when I first wrote it, it brought tears to my eyes. It's meant to be extremely serious and plaintive; but words fail so miserably to represent emotions unless you skirt around the outside, and I didn't do it enough there. You can circumscribe an emotion with a lyric — by telling of an event and leaving out one important chunk — and that can contain an emotion and put it across. This one fails because it actually comes out and says it. But there's so much circumscribing in *Tommy* that I wanted to get to the crunch a number of times."

Some people have read the album as being sick.

"That's great! As far as Tony Blackburn's concerned, forget it! But for the average intelligent person, that's what it was meant to be. The kid is having terrible things done to him, because that's life as it is, although perhaps not to the extremes that happen in the songs.

"Pop is a light medium. A pop song about the horrors of war is out of place . . . this means the sick things have a pre-emphasis. We hope that people's preconceptions will get screwed around by this. This sick humour thing which John has got is so important to the album. The songs aren't completely within the continuity of the album musically, but the perfection of the album lies in other areas. *Fiddle About* represents a whole feeling of family callousness and lack of respect for the kid because he's not like they are."

There is a song called *The Acid Queen* — who may be another route to *Tommy's* salvation. "The songs not about just acid; it's the whole drug thing, the drink thing, the sex thing, wrapped into one big ball. It's about how you get it laid on you that you haven't lived if you haven't fucked forty birds, taken sixty trips, drunk fourteen pints of beer — or whatever. Society — people — force you. She represents this force. On a number of occasions I've got this sinister, feline, sexual thing about acid, that it's inherently female. I don't know if I'm right . . . it's fickle enough."

But once you know of the existence of these things — sex, drugs, drink, how do you resist?

"It isn't built into man; it's the dare or the challenge for most people. About acid: I feel that there's a spiritual process going on in every person's head that's so overwhelmingly complex and so beautifully balanced, and acid just feeds on the distortion of that balance. People find pleasure in distorting the balance. But the human being is such a beautifully equipped piece of machinery that it's very spiritually disturbing to topple it and think that it's good.

"If you know you're throwing yourself out of balance, like when you're drunk, you hate yourself, so that's alright. But when you trip, for some reason you love yourself. You don't realise you were better equipped as you were. Each trip is just a sidestreet, and before you know it, you're back where you were. Each trip is more disturbing than the one that follows, till eventually the sidestreet becomes a dead end. Not only spiritually, which is the most important, but mentally it can stop you thinking physically. It can fuck you up. People are falling out of trees and all this bullshit."

But doesn't acid turn a lot of people on to the spiritual side of life?

"Acid has happened and there was obviously a purpose for it — the acceleration of spiritual thinking — otherwise I believe it wouldn't have happened. So I'm against what it has done. Actually, I did enjoy my trips . . . but the acid song is supposed to show the potential of acid as a spiritual push and knock it down as a danger in reducing the power of man in society."

Pinball Wizard has already been notably successful as a single, though it wasn't tailored for that purpose.

"The whole point of *Pinball Wizard* was to let the boy have some sort of colourful event and excitement. Side Three is supposed to be really explosive. Suddenly things are happening, it starts to move really fast. *Pinball Wizard* is about life's games, playing the machine — the boy and his machine, the disciples with theirs, the scores, results, colours, vibrations and action."

Does Townshend see games people play as negative or positive?

"Definitely not negative; and *Tommy's* games aren't games. They're like the first real thing he's done in his life. I play games — an incredible number. But I do real things as well. No . . . this is *Tommy's* first big triumph. He's got results. A big score. He doesn't know all this; he stumbled on a machine, started to pull levers and so on, got things going, and suddenly started getting incredible affection — like pats on the back. This hasn't happened to him before, and the kids are his first disciples."

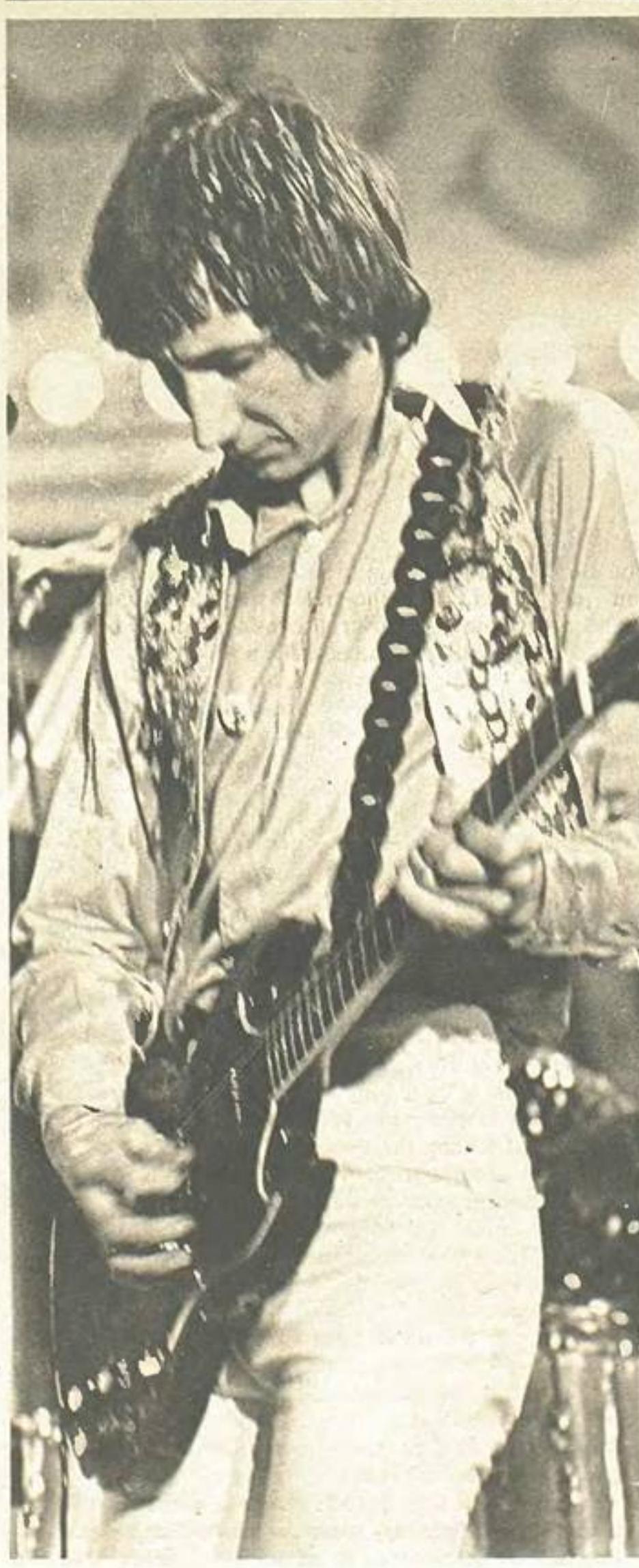
"It's supposed to capsule the later events, a sort of teasing preview. It's meant to be a play off of early discipleship and the later real disciples. In a funny sort of way, the disciples in the pinball days were more sincere, less greedy than later on, when they demand a religion — anything to be like him and escape from their own dreary lives, do things his way and get there quicker."

Is this a metaphor for pop music, which at one time was an unconscious thing and now is taken on a serious religious level?

"I dunno. *Pinball Wizard* is a very groovy time but it doesn't compare with divinity in any way at all. I happen to be at that stage, so I operate better at that stage. I don't happen to be divine at the moment. I can't express the magnificence of divinity in music, but I can express the grooviness of being a pinball champ because I'm a pop star which is very close. The absurdity of being a pinball champion!"

"Pinball's more rewardingly obsessive than something like golf where the obsession can be sidetracked — 'Well I just do it for the fresh air' — and all that bollocks. You can't escape from the basics; it's just getting a ball into a hole. I mean, it's a machine simply made to be a match for man. A very important process."

"People play their own pinball in other ways, like I muck around with tape recorders all the time. It's the same fascination with machines, and it'll show itself far more in the future when machines get even better. Most people's pinball machines are their cars. The car obsession is overwhelming, but it's there and I imagine it can only increase. I think it's groovy — why not? I thrive on modern things — good hi-fi, amplifiers, tape recorders, colour



television. A lot of them look like they're all padding, but there's far less than you'd imagine."

The pinball wizard wins by intuition: what part does intuition play?

"People talk about the bulge, the youth of today, acid, all this. I feel that intuition is taking over, that education is becoming pointless because of its failures . . . and when classes and groups like negroes do eventually get their pride back and nations do resolve their petty problems . . . it's a hard road but it will happen, you know . . . intuition is going to start taking over as a mental process."

"There's going to be so much scientific information that unless you're a ruthless specialist you might as well leave it to computers. Like when you throw a cigarette butt into an ashtray on the other side of the room, you can judge the rake, the height and angle because you have the equipment to do it. It often goes in without thinking. That's no accident, because the arithmetic went on. That's what man's about; intuitive magnificence on legs. But as a mathematical machine, man's a waste of time."

Sensation is the song *Tommy* sings after he's regained his senses. He realises who he is and becomes totally aware. The sound of the song is like the Beach Boys; the moment is that of divinity. *Tommy* is worshipping himself, knowing what he is and speaking the truth.

"I really dig the Beach Boys. Their incredibly architectural control of music is as powerful as the Who anyday. *I Can Hear Music* has one of the most powerful musical backings I've ever heard . . . they're another group I dig because they aren't afraid of saying what they feel they should, like the Beatles . . . well, John Lennon at least. Or Dylan, though I think he tends to close himself . . . I don't know."

"I used all the sensation stuff because after all this time where *Tommy's* just been getting vibrations, now he's turned the tables. Now you're going to feel me! I'm in everything; I'm the explosion; I'm a sensation. Our influences in the Who are often directly attributable to certain things that certain groups have done at certain times. But *Sensation* is indefinable for me. I can't really put my finger on where it came from."

"*I'm Free* came from *Street Fighting Man*. This has a weird time/shape and when I finally discovered how it went, I thought 'well blimey, it can't be that simple' — but it was and it was a gas and I wanted to do it myself . . . but some of them are quite remote. I listen to a lot of music so I'm open to a lot of influences."

"People say that music is cyclic. Well, rock is like a flat spin. It repeats itself every ten seconds where music might repeat every hundred years. This is what makes rock so exciting; the flat spin is cyclic and the cycle is cyclic and there it is, all very compressed . . . like one of the most omnipotent cyclic sounds is Hendrix. It's hard to know why, but he is definitely rock and not something else like blues. The Cream are definitely rock, too."

"Compositions come out so fast in rock because there's a demand created and contracts have to be fulfilled. I mean, who ever put Beethoven under contract. Prince Charming may have asked him to do this and that but there was none of this six records a year. The pressures of the pop industry are part and parcel of it all."

Many people think that the commercial side is the bad side of pop?

"It's about the only fucking healthy thing about it! (laughs) It is like . . . teenagers getting screwed up because their parents won't change for them. The commercial market refuse to change at the speed musicians and composers might wish. It has its own pace, adjusted by the mass, which is to me absolutely the most important thing on earth."

"There are levers in the commercial market to be pulled, but if people buy a record, they were moved in some way to do so. You can't swing it that far. Things like the competitive press, competitive American radio stations, these things are all important. They keep the pace fast but steady."

"Huge musical personalities like Clapton and Hendrix can get the machine to do what they want, but it's still the machinery that does the work. What people find oppressive is the dependence on the system, but the commercial system comes halfway to pop, but pop won't come halfway back. Anything that does is classed as bubblegum and chucked out. But some of the world's best music is bubblegum. I mean I really dug *Yummy Yummy Yummy* but some people spew over it. And there's a lot of other stuff, real shit, that I dig. And the machine created the Cream. It really did."

Musical snobbery is the trouble.

"There's a difference between discerning and snobbish. I think that a lot of people listening to, say, John Peel are snobbish. They don't know why a record is good and why it appeals to Peel. Though he sincerely digs it, they'd like it for another reason. There's so much good music in this country that's unacceptable. I thought the Kinks' last album was great, and the Zombies' too. But they don't even get into the record shops. A discerning listener is one who defines his own taste; he wants something that comes from somewhere inside."

"There have always been classical snobs, people on whom record companies thrive. You know: 'We'll put this one in a big thick package and we'll put a really heavy name on, a picture of the violinist on front, we'll put a lot of very heavy sleeve notes on and we'll charge seventeen quid for the box. All we need is four people and we've made a profit.'"

"People here are doting on snobbery, like in the blues scene. But this is OK for me because bands like Fleetwood Mac and Ten Years After have a lot of potential in other directions, though they got in through a blues backdoor. They're very anxious to communicate direct, devoid of hangups. It's hard to say why I like any of them; like I enjoy some soul singers but not others, and can't go overboard on soul for the sake of soul . . . and I don't like a lot of the West Coast groups. Some new American groups make it and some somehow don't. Steppenwolf make it for me, yet they can be incredibly pretentious. *The Pusher* is a terrible song, loaded with bullshit, yet *Born To Be Wild* was fantastic. But . . . they're still caught on the seesaw. Like

ETHAN RUSSELL

the Moody Blues; such incredibly produced albums, but they're religious snobs. You're getting vicars' tea parties thrown at you".

But if Townshend believes so strongly in the commercial market, why is the top ten such a disgrace?

"It's got nothing to do with what people like. What made the charts good once was pirate radio. As soon as they get commercial radio again in this country the whole thing's going to throb back into life. Now, *Top of the Pops* is the only programme on and it's controlled by the charts. The BBC only play what's in the charts; until a record gets in they don't play them and once they do, they play them till they're fucking dead."

"It's based on a complete lack of faith. Nobody's trusted to decide. The public knows what it wants. They decide! Does that follow? No — someone has to give them the full spectrum. The shops are the same; we're only going to give the public what it wants/no we ain't got that/we've only got the dead certainties in stock."

"So what does a new group do? And fuck knows how we got on *Top of the Pops*. That's why our record is in the charts; people saw us on TV... oooh, they're still a group then! and it's a powerful record and it went. But the basic ingredients are who gets the TV spectaculars? Tom Jones. Who gets the number ones? The middle classes want TV shows by Tom Jones and Val Doonican so they get them. But the rest of the record audience don't get their barrage."

"On radio they won't take chances. Despite the fact that there was a ready-made market for the world's best rock when the pirates went off the air, Radio One still wouldn't play records by established artists like the Kinks,

know anything about that.' It's obviously their faith, their love for him that did the trick. It's like Jesus saying 'it's your faith that made you whole'.

"The institution of the church comes up in *Welcome*. The followers want to know how to follow him and he tells them very simply what to do. He's telling them what they want to hear — 'It's going to be all smooth and fun and we're never going to speak, we're going to drink all night and have the time of our life. You can do good things, go out and get new people, and for this you'll win gold stars'.

"He knows they're completely off the track and is trying by his very presence to make them aware of what they should be doing — coming in to the house and then getting out again. Instead of that they want more action, so he gets the bright idea of extending the house into a huge holiday camp where he can accommodate thousands who want to come and be brainwashed.

"It's supposed to represent the perverting of what he's been saying. He says 'you can follow me by playing pinball and doing things my way' — but when he says here's Uncle Ernie with your very own machine, it's like they're being led back to their very own life and way which is already built-in. All the time they demand more and so he starts to get hard: 'Well if you *really* want to know what to do, you've got to stop drinking for a start. You've got to stop smoking pot'. And he starts to lay down hard moral facts — like Jesus did — but nobody wants to know. (Baba actually gives the reasons: a stable, moral life is a good one because it doesn't hang you up).

"Puritan morality is right, but for the wrong reasons. You don't burn in hell, but in the fires of life. You

the one that caused the fucking problems in the first place."

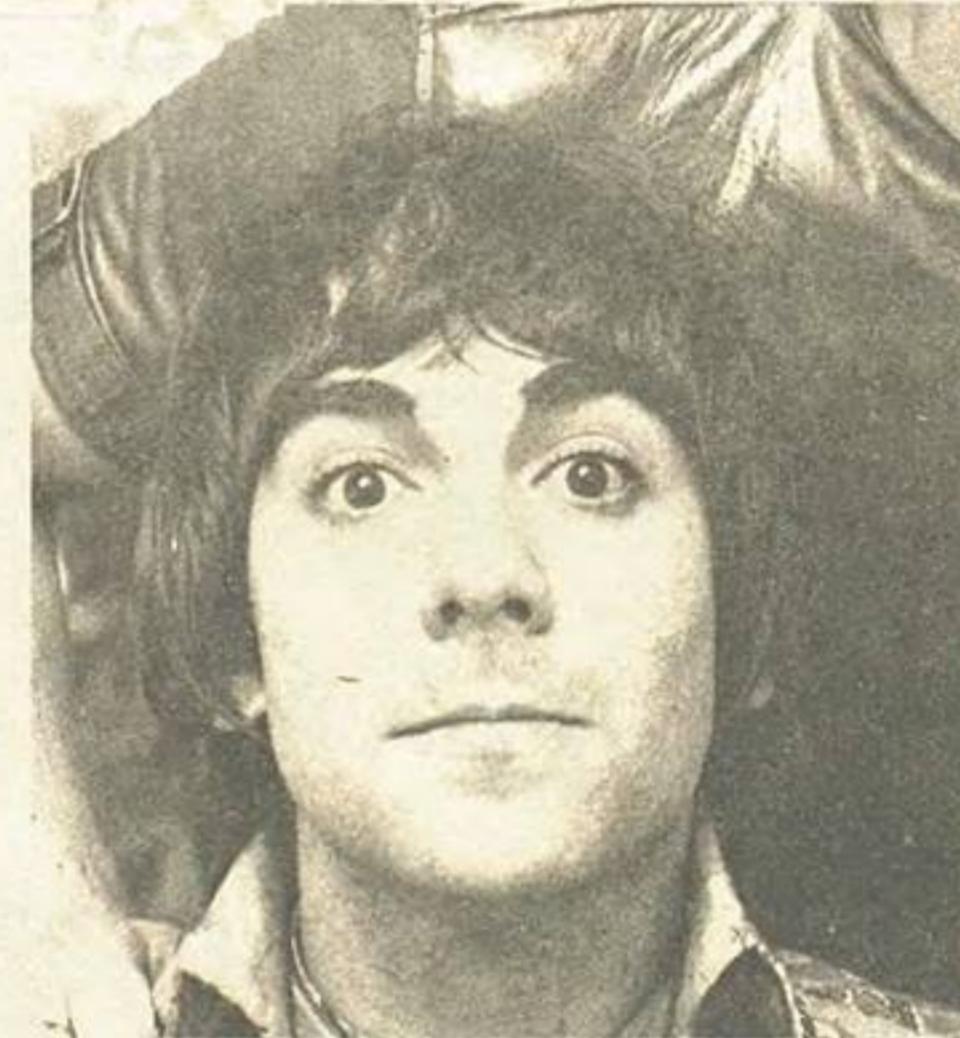
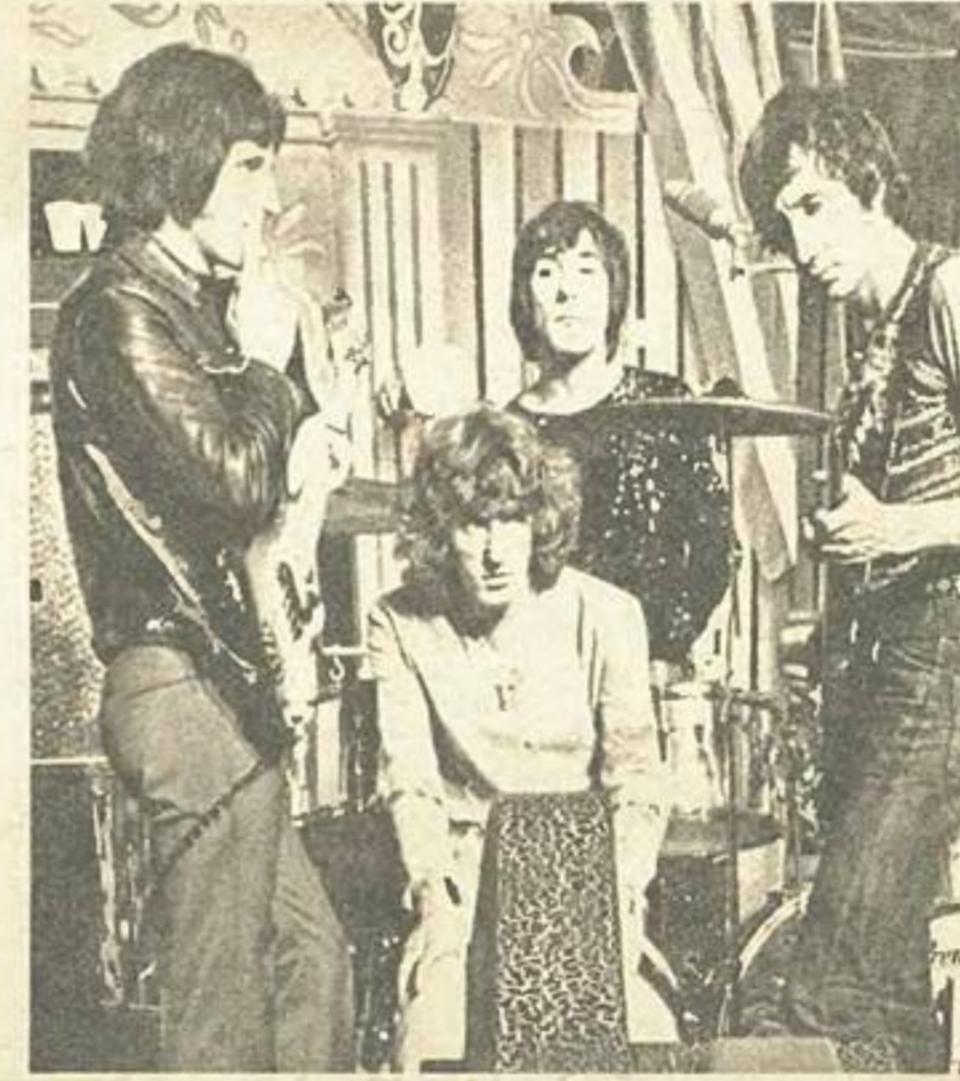
And so on to a summing up of the work on the album.

"The singing is better than ever on this album — there are some incredible performances of diction from Roger, aggressively sung but perfectly phrased. And it was an incredible surprise to find that we could do it all live. Such a relief!

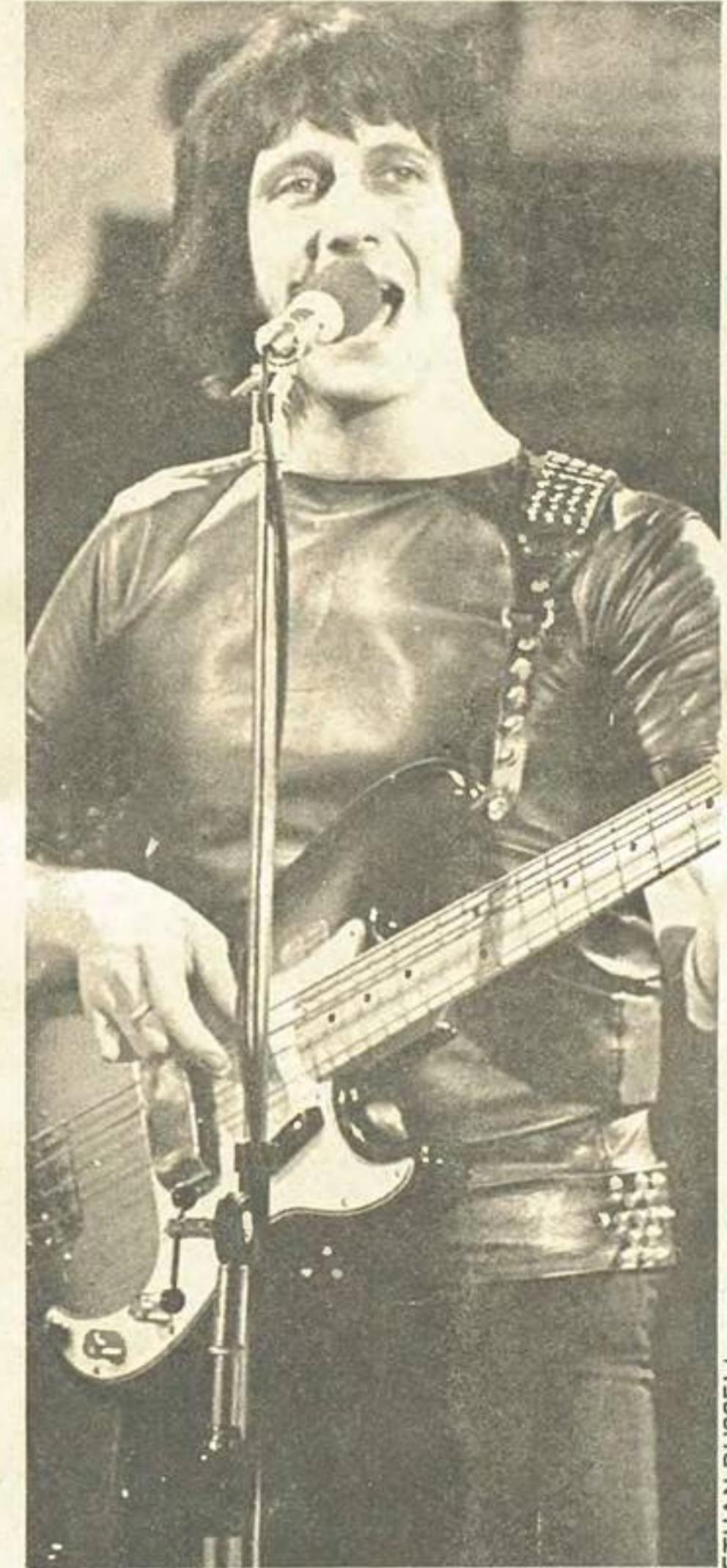
"It would have been tedious but simple to have run the whole album into one great big long kybosh, but I wanted to retain track-by-track action. I was really pleased that it had a musical form from beginning to end; separate tracks with separate action and separate musical strength and, at the same time, track-to-track unity, links across time and shunt-backs, all going smoothly. Though I do think the action on Side Two is a little slow.

"I think that, despite the fact that the album is my own little thing and the motivation is not completely understood by the rest of the group even, it's still the first group effort really, since so much of the other stuff we did was gimmick-laden advertising schmutter. This is working toward a far more unified project.

"It was approached in exactly the way anti-intellectual rock people would hate. We went into it in depth before we worked out the plot; we worked out the sociological implications, the religious implications, the rock implications. We made sure every bit was... solid. When we'd done that we went into the studio, got smashed out of our brains and made it. Then we listened, pruned and edited very carefully, then got smashed and did it all again, all the time playing gigs and grooving. And somehow it



S.K.R. PHOTOS



ETHAN RUSSELL

like us, like the Stones, like lots of people. And they still don't. The programmer for the BBC must be an old dear."

"You can laugh at it, but listen to the DJs, having heard them a few years ago. The saddest case was Johnnie Walker who'd been publicly, in the press, decrying Radio One. And eventually, you know, he had to give in. I heard him the other day introducing a tape of the NDO playing *Quando Quando*. Swing to this, kids."

The teachings of Tommy to his hordes of disciples run parallel to practically any other religious leader you can name.

"Rama Krishna, Buddha, Zarathustra, Jesus and Meher Baba are all divine figures on earth. They all said the same thing; yet still we trundle on. This is basically what Tommy is saying. But his followers ask how to follow him, and disregard his teaching. They want rules and regulations; going to church on Sundays — but he just says 'live life'. Later on he smashes rules to them."

Townshend is much involved with the teachings of Meher Baba. How did this affect his writing?

"The process of writing was controlled by my direct involvement with Baba. His stuff is completely self-contained, and it's a good point to start fucking-up from. On a basic working level, songs like *I'm Free*, *Pinball Wizard* and a couple of others are very much Baba, songs of the quiet explosion of divinity. They just rolled off the pen."

"But I don't mean divinely inspired! You get a lot of crap from the close devotees of Baba, stories about people rushing up to him and saying, 'My daughter was dying in Poona and I said a prayer to you and you came in a vision and she was well again.' Baba says, 'I'm sorry mate, I don't

reincarnate again and again until you're sorted out. One way to do this is to attain a balance in your existence until you've exhausted all the possibilities and found your way to the goal. It lies in a lot of old religious laws — an eye for an eye and turning the other cheek mean exactly the same, but people don't realise. An eye for an eye means that if you poke out someone's eye, that person — in this life or in a billion lives from now — will eventually take the eye out of your head. But that Karmic retribution can be balanced. And this happens at a spiritual level too. You might as well turn the other cheek and get it slapped because that way you're taking both slaps for yourself and therefore balancing it. But people have this on a million levels. Possessions loading, lust loading, a thousand things which hang people up and drag them down."

Do people naturally incline towards suffering because it leads to self-realisation?

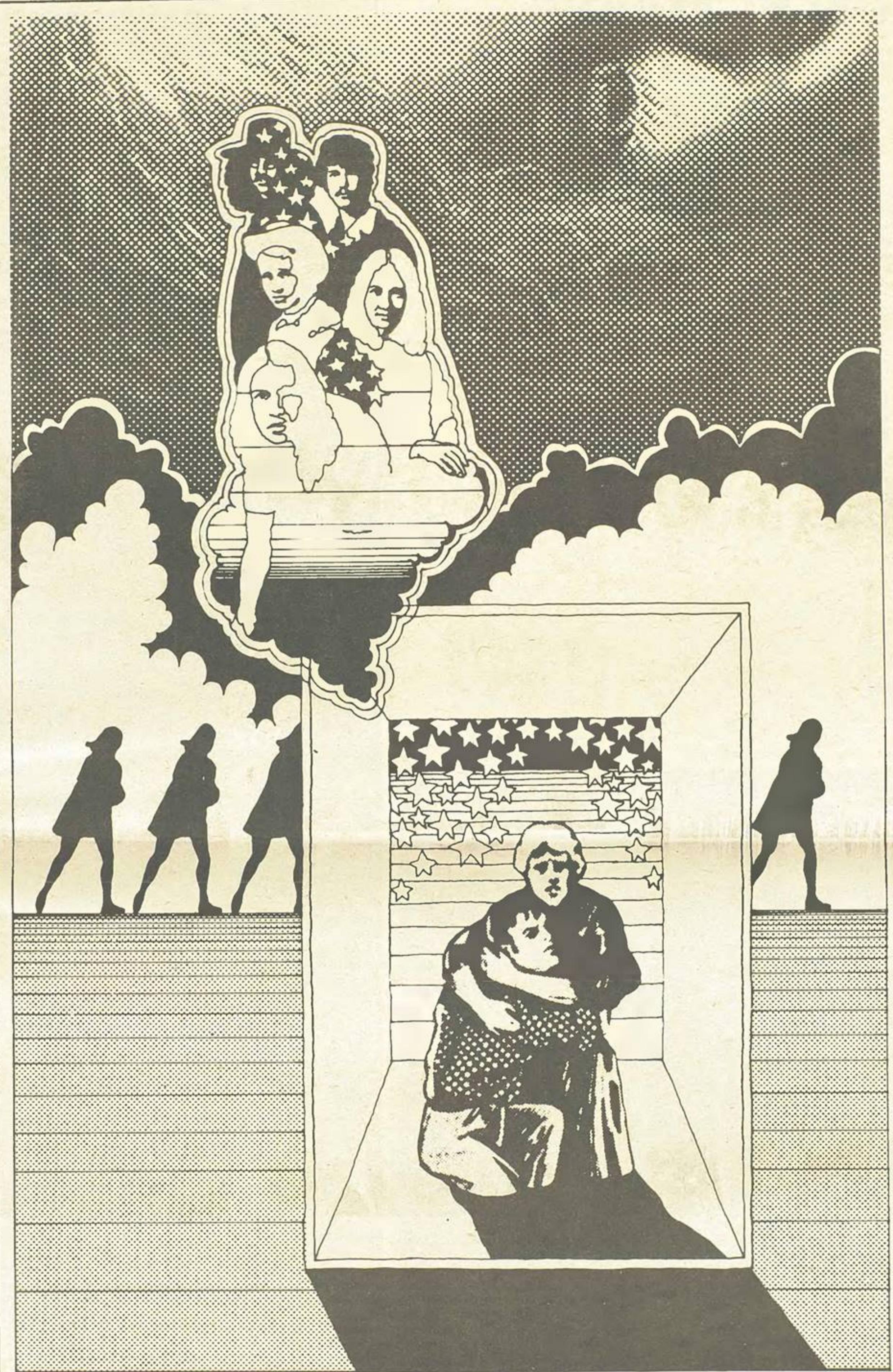
"Yea, well that's like Arthur Brown's 'suffer the fire' thing. Every individual has a load. You can tell by the way people ruthlessly live their lives that they're fulfilling some sort of destiny. On minor levels it can be astrological; on other levels it can be evolutionary or environmental. Biggest of all is the feeling that there's something really latently powerful driving every man, and I think it's Karmic Law. Each man has a load he's trying to shake off, to find... peace. As he drops one bit, he picks up another and so on. You just feel that everyone's desperately getting things done while never getting to grips with their individual problems. People do need this suffering; when it's meant to stop, someone will stop it. But you can't sit back and let things roll, because man is the mediator, he's

came out as if we'd done it all in one breath.

"It's wrong to talk about who played what part in the album, because it's so much a product of the Who. Definitely. I'd been dreaming about getting it together for such a long time, all the time worried about their end and never worrying about my part of the bargain until I actually got to grips with the problem.

"Keith's playing has never been better, John's playing has never been better, Roger's singing has never been better — my bit, the art bit, was where the problems lay. They were so incredibly true to form, and as a member of the Who, I was true to form. The sound was so easy to come by. It was great to do it. I thought I was going to have to make concessions, but not once did I have to. I mean, ideas were made much more powerful than they were originally.

"It really does show how flexible rock and roll is, and what a lot of bullshit is talked about what it can and can't do. Although the sound itself has limitations, it has flexibility and malleability... four musicians totally involved with one another's limitations, lives and emotions... I mean, what other three musicians would have put up with all my bullshit in order to get this album out? It's my apple, right. It's my whole trip, coming from Baba, and they just sat there, let it come out, and then leapt upon it and gave it an extra boot. It's an incredible group to write for, because you know it's going to work out right. And though I've written other songs, which I won't mention, I've only ever had hits with the Who. And hit records are very near and dear to me."



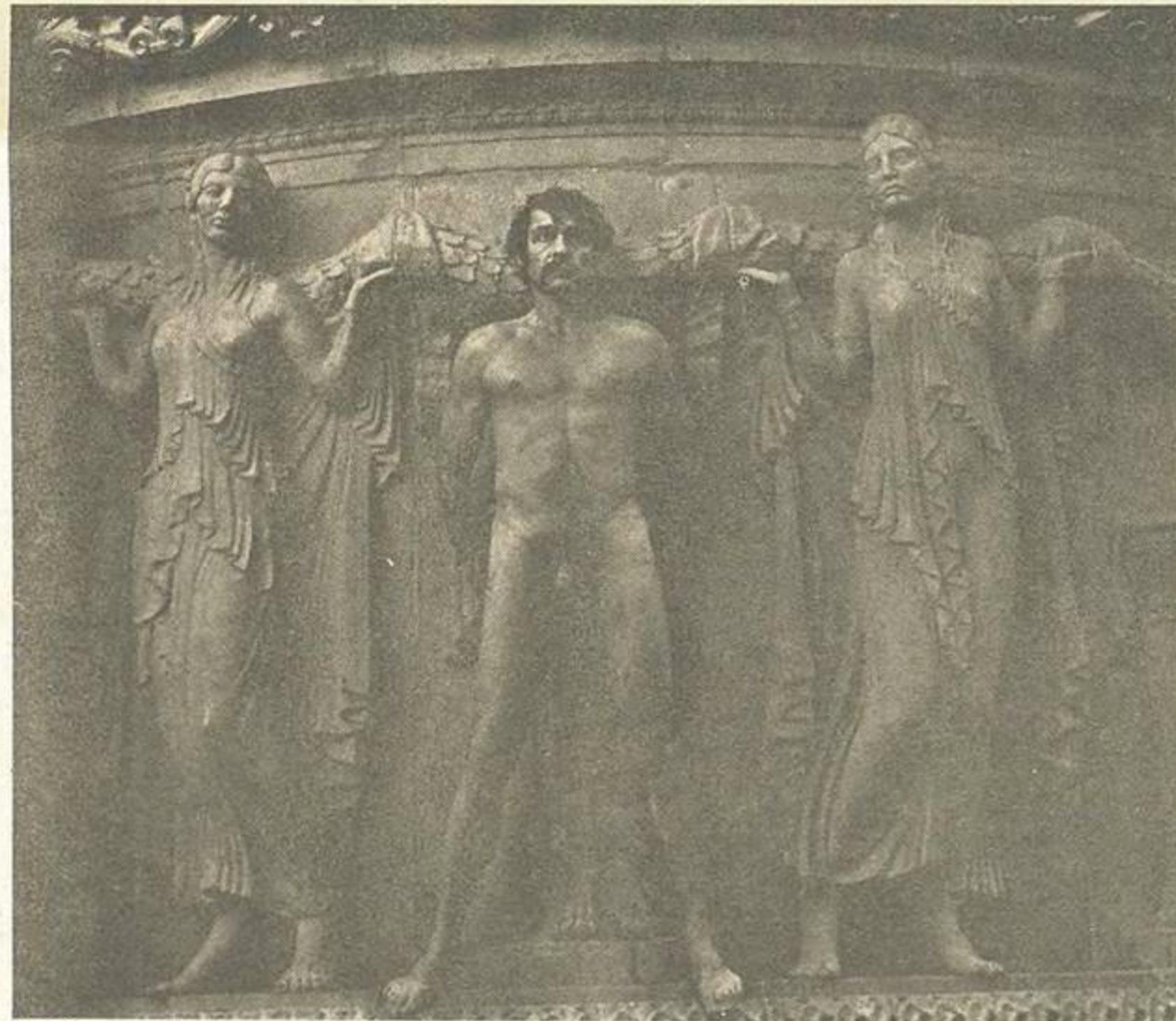
I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier.

Eli Radish



VISUALS

Heavy Slices of Existence



CHRIS ENOS

by THOMAS ALBRIGHT

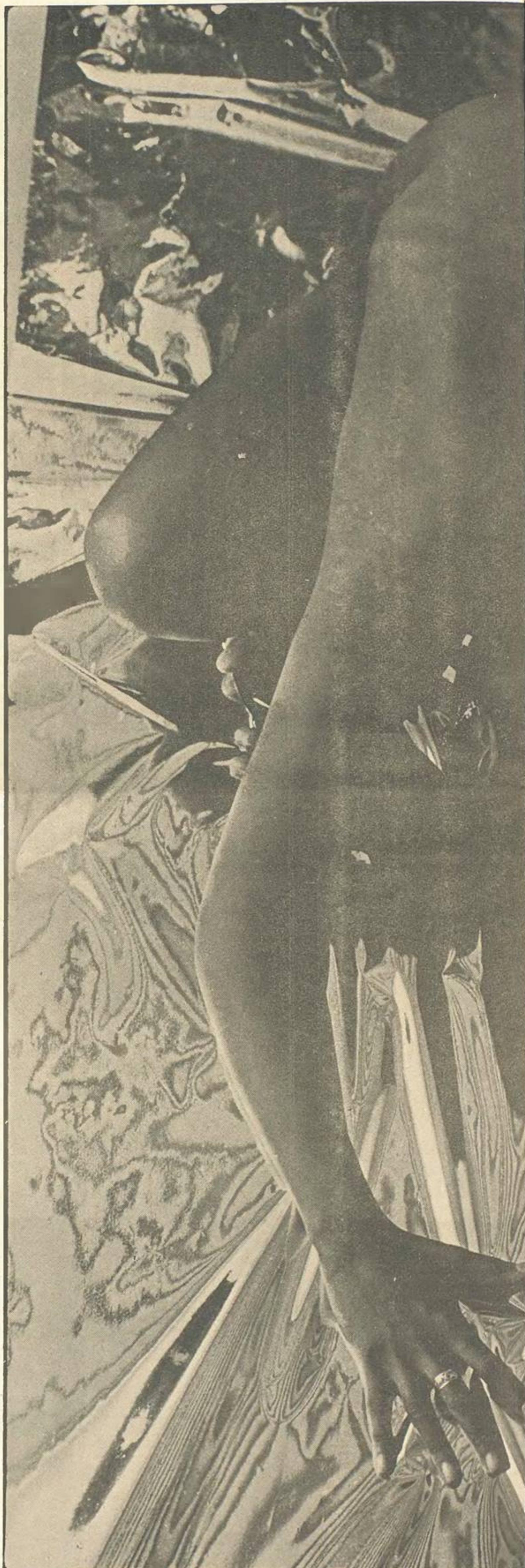
Last year, it was making movies. This year, everyone is simply taking pictures. A revolution is rapidly changing the face of the most tradition bound of visual media. All of a sudden heavier things are happening in photography than in practically any other visual art.

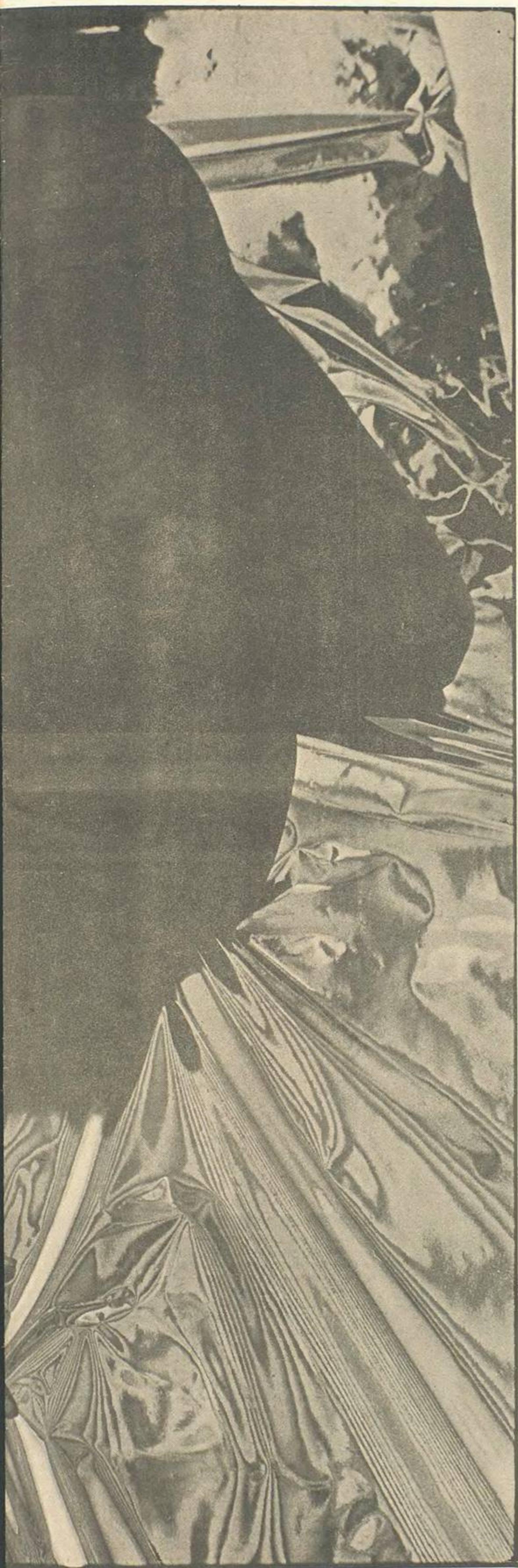
Traditionally the poor step-child of art schools and college art departments, photography is drawing new students in record numbers. Photographers are getting unprecedented exposure in museums, galleries and less formal showplaces, and in new photography publications, notably San Francisco Camera.

Most important, a new operation with a new vision of photography has risen to challenge the tyrannical influence that Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, Minor White and Aaron Siskind have exerted on so-called "art photography" for decades. With an artistic credo shaped by Antonioni's *Blow Up*, a way of seeing defined by Marshall McLuhan, they re-

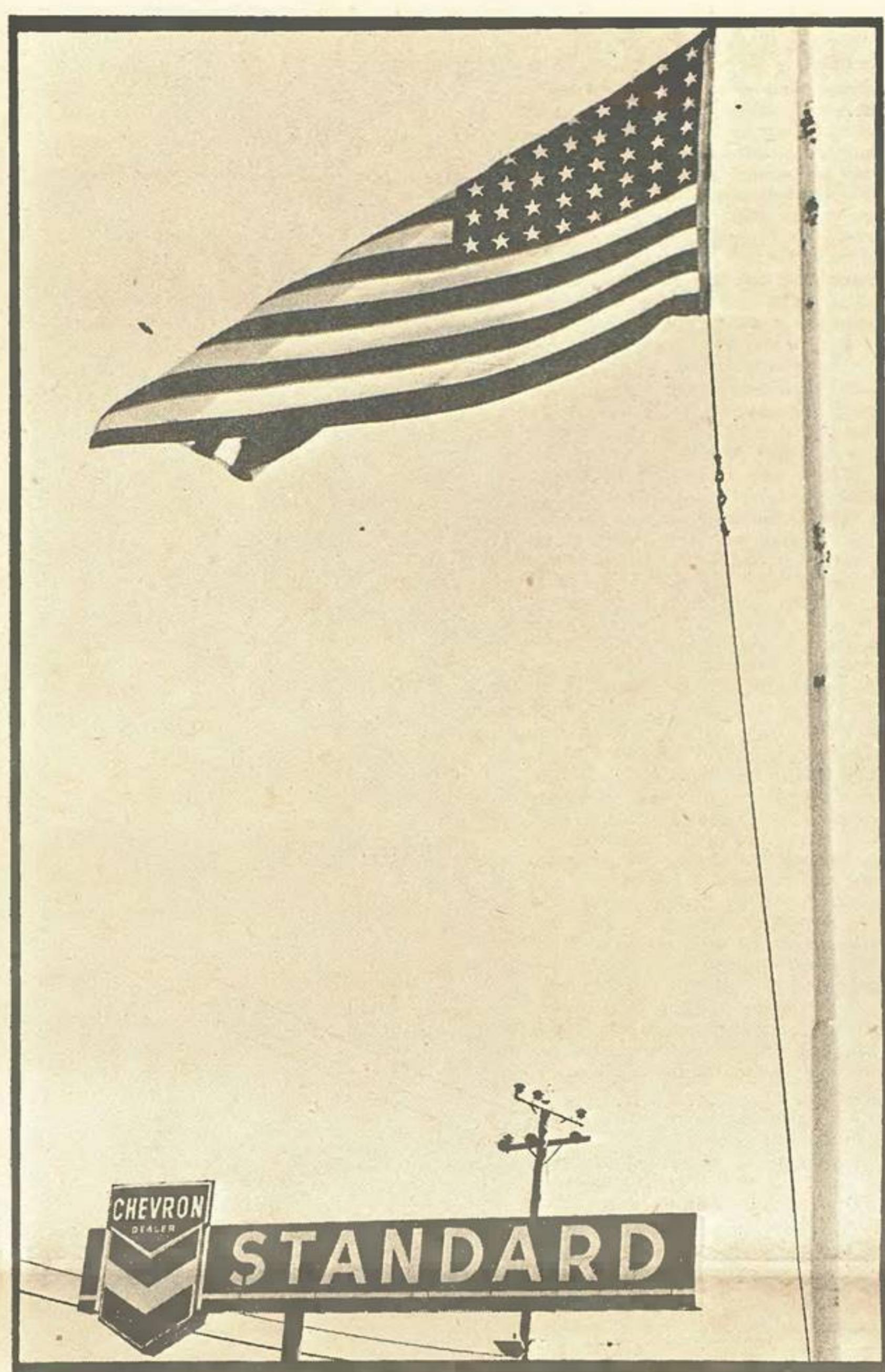
gard photography less as an art than as a means of communication. As oblivious to the traditional fine points of sharp-focus technique and formal composition as they are to the cliche abstractions of plants, sea shells and ghost town walls, their photography emphasizes people and human values: walls that look like walls rather than cubist abstractions, nudes that look like nudes rather than glistening sculptures. It runs the gamut from radical darkroom experimentation to straight photography of a snapshot casualness, sometimes running almost to pointlessness.

Today's new wave photographers in many ways mark the coming of age for photography as an independent visual art. Photography began as a documentary medium capable of making the "real" more "real" than could painting or drawing. But while the invention of photography liberated painting from fidelity to subject matter and launched it on the course of abstraction, "art" photography in recent years has grown more

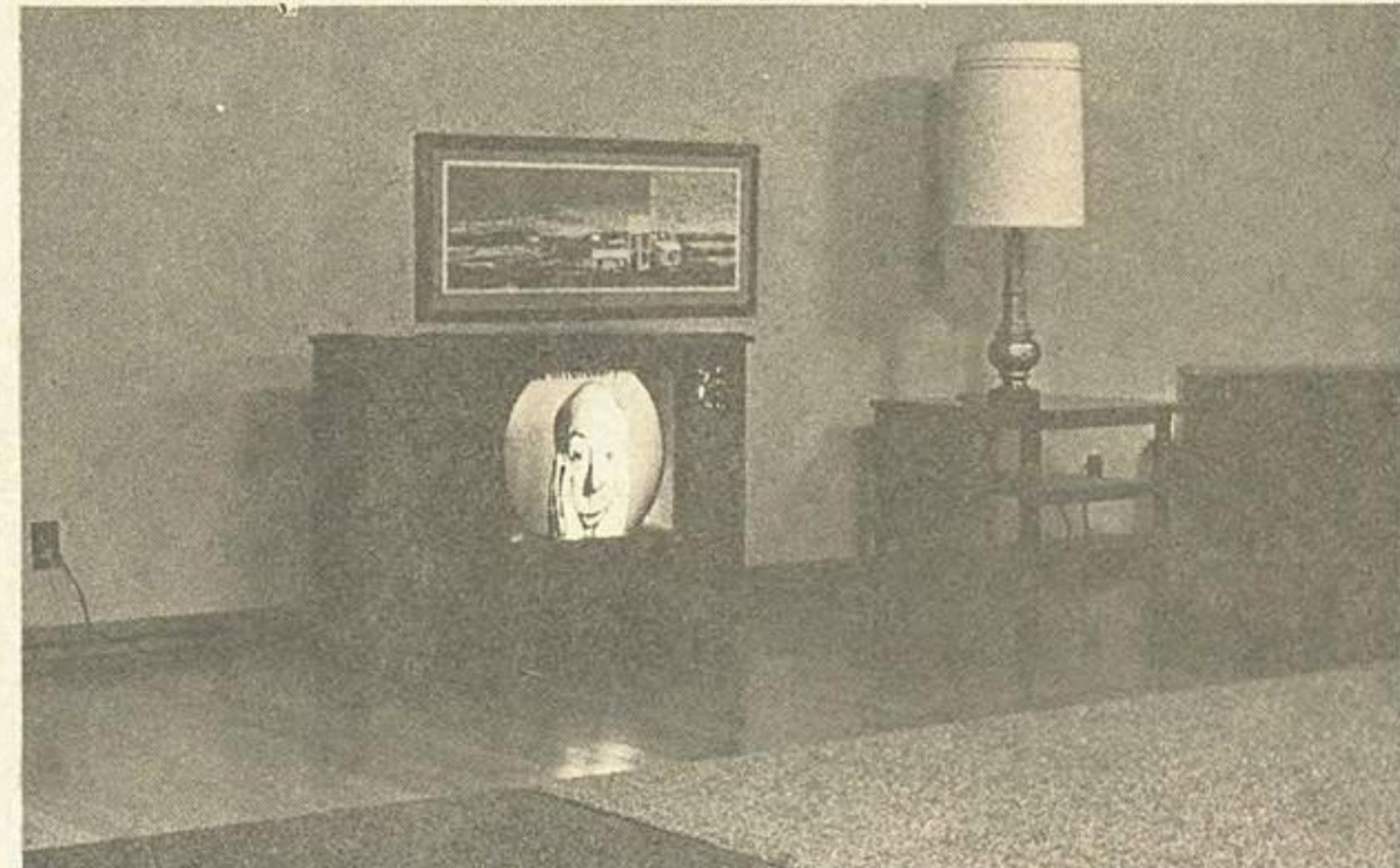




INGEBORG GERDES



ELIZABETH GRAHAM



KEN DE ROUX

and more subservient to the influences of painting. Photographers have waged a long, self-conscious and paranoid battle to elevate photography to the prestige status of an art form, and they have done so largely by emulating the qualities developed by abstract painting: rigid formal composition, tactile textures, a rigorous focus of vision.

Today's photographers have a different idea of photography's role as an art form. "They don't give a fuck," said Jerry Burchard, chairman of the undergraduate photography department of the San Francisco Art Institute (where enrollment has jumped from less than 40 to more than 100 in the past year): "They don't care about imitating painting. They have all seen that painting today is taking its cues from photography rather than the other way around."

In addition to the use of photography by painters—as stencils, collage elements, or as models for their painting—various new art forms can be recorded

only by the use of photographic documents: earth work sculpture, happenings. Says happening-master Allan Kaprow, who regards photographs (often with a cheap polaroid) as an integral part of his events: "Photography puts a frame around things and you see them differently. In getting out with a camera, you see parts of the city you never saw before. And you meet and talk with people as never before."

The ancestors of new wave photography are largely the great technical innovators like Man Ray on the one hand, and on the other the great photo-documentarians who shared a highly personal, human point of view: Lewis Hine, Cartier-Bresson, Dorothea Lange ("In her photographs you can tell what her subjects had for breakfast and what she had for breakfast," says Burchard).

Its reigning old masters are Jerry Uelsman, associate professor at the University of Florida, and Robert Frank, freelance photographer and sometime cine-

Continued on Next Page

matographer from Czechoslovakia who a decade ago filmed Jack Kerouac's *Pull My Daisy*.

They define two distinct categories of new wave photography which are largely determined by how a photographer feels about the confinement and tedium of darkroom work; for some, it is not confining and tedious at all, and they achieve most of their effects through various laboratory manipulations; for others, the mere thought of a darkroom is total trauma, and they pile up roll upon roll of film and piles of negatives before they finally get around to processing it, making images that look pretty much like what first confronted the camera.

The two categories share in common a free use of recent technical innovations and a broad vision which differs radically from the "art" photography of the past in that it has no traditional "focus"; where photography formerly zeroed in on its subject in sharp close-ups and gave images primary and secondary emphasis by means of traditional perspective and proscenium arch framing, the new photography has a non-linear, all-over structure and a sense of simultaneous space and time. It uses collage, multiple-exposure, serial images, contact strip sequences, an open-ended straight photography filled with seeming randomness and accident.

Uelsman is one of the most highly-skilled technical experimenters in contemporary photography; another is Robert Heinecken, who teaches at U.C.L.A. Both usually "take pictures," but the bulk of their imagery is formed in the darkroom ("post-visualization," Uelsman calls it). Uelsman is a first-rate photographer who achieves most of his often haunting, surrealistic effects by superimposing images, direct negative printing and subtle manipulations of light. Heinecken's experiments are more varied, ranging from darkly funky collage photograms to sets of geometric blocks which can be manipulated by the viewer into different combinations of imagery.

Other experimenters have been working in various combinations of photography and graphics, especially silk-screening; color solarization and high-contrast. Color solarization, with its suggestion of acid-trip, light-show liquidity, and high-contrast, with half-tones filtered out to create vibrant, energized fields of blacks and whites, have been especially influential in rock posters, album covers and other promo material. One of the best West Coast experimental photographers is Thomas Weir, who sometimes combines high contrast with fish-eye distortions to create highly stylized portraits and figure photographs. Weir also combines fish-eye with color in sensual studies of nudes in lush surroundings.

The problem with much experimental photography of this kind is that it often gets as super-slick and gimmicky as any conventional portrait studio work. Most young photographers, particularly on the West Coast, have some interest but little sympathy with the extremes of technical experimentation. Their work is diametrically different.

Robert Frank is the father of contemporary straight photography, although most new wave photographers bear about the same relationship to Frank as Frank does to Cartier-Bresson. Frank's most famous series of photographs, "The Americans," charted a Lolita-style trip across the United States with pictures which at first glance seemed to focus on nothing in particular; his frames opened out to bring in all sorts of peculiar images from off the sides, and gathered everything into a montage that documented the ironic juxtapositions, the real-life surrealism of the urban American landscape.

Frank's dead-pan, often satirical expression effectively concealed his profound humanism from many traditionally-oriented critics. Recently, Frank has been working more directly with photography as a medium of communication, and even of rehabilitation, in collaborating with patients in mental hospitals.

Frank's photography, for all its seeming careless and all-inclusive vantage point, is always carefully directed and technically polished. These qualities are also true of the work of such older-generation straight photographers as Bruce Davidson and Danny Lyons. Davidson's photographs of urban litter and ghetto life are always rigidly organized, often highly posed, and comment-oriented. Lyons, with his series on Chicago motorcycle gangs and a current project involving inmates in a state prison, is similarly concerned with subjects that are important because of their uniqueness.

HUGH HARPOLE



rather than their ordinariness.

The freshest photography today is coming out of the West Coast, particularly the San Francisco area, where it closely parallels the "funk movement" in art. For the most part, it is steadfastly dedicated to the ordinary, and the more ordinary the better, in an uninhibited style that sometimes combines elements of experimentation with the straight image, and retains the direct, often nonchalant look of snapshots.

Students at San Francisco State College specialize in a relatively controlled form of photography that emphasizes dramatically posed figures in dark and expressionistic settings, and often reflects the work of its two most influential teachers, Jack Welpott and Judy Dater. Welpott poses nudes in cluttered Victorian interiors or photographs somber black shapes in strange outdoor settings for an effect that is highly contrived from any naturalistic point of view, but is often moodily evocative. Judy Dater's photographs are studies of drab, musty interiors; sometimes, they include portraits of people, but they are always portraits of barren, dusky rooms.

Photographers at State have also turned out strong comment pictures on the recent campus riots. Several have explored the current motorcycle mystique, and a few work within the tradition of nature photography under the influence of another of State's teachers, Don Worth.

Photographers associated with the San Francisco Art Institute are generally much looser and more free-wheeling; they give more emphasis to an ecological relationship of subject to setting, and their work has more balls. The Frank influence is pronounced in the work of more technically polished students such as Ken Graves, who has done a series on San Francisco's financial district that portrays its chill sterility in terms of empty building lobbies, furnitureless offices filled with extension telephones, people caged in busses.

A number of Institute students reflect the extreme casualness of Burchard's photography; in a recent group show, Burchard displayed only two pairs of contact prints, almost accidental slices of nocturnal city streets under strangely glowing lights shot at seemingly random angles and nonchalantly mounted.

At the other end of the spectrum are snap-shot like pictures of figures and groups, often nudes, posed in the most contrived fashion: In strangely surrealistic, melodramatic mise-en-scene, in hieratically frontal, rigid groupings that resemble rock group promo photos, mugging and gesticulating at the camera. They have the ingenuousness and directness of the snapshots children take of each other when one of them gets a new camera.

New photography often resembles snapshots, but, as much as any traditional photography, they are usually snapshots with point. Observes Burchard: "If someone wanted to take a picture of people sitting in front of a building, he used to worry about whether the columns formed a vertical frame, whether a passing car might get partly in the way. Now, we take it as it is, and allow for intuitive energy forces to enter into it."

"It is such a casual thing that everyone understands it. It also revives a sense of the sheer fun involved in taking pictures."

Many new photographers take obvious delight in the magical qualities of picture making; their pictures have the instinctual feeling associated since primitive times with the depicting of figures and other graven images. They exploit the magical properties of new, high-speed film—"if you can see it you can shoot it"—and the instant feedback of polaroid. They are less interested in the traditional motion of durability.

Burchard, in fact, foresees the time when silver supplies will be exhausted and traditional photographic film will no longer be available. If this ever happens, he figures photographers will still be active with tiny transistorized television cameras feeding into minuscule, portable receivers. The instinct to put a frame around things is deeply rooted, and almost always, it transforms even the most ordinary images and slices of existence into the vocabulary of human communication.

These photographs are recent examples of the work of students of the San Francisco Art Institute.

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Randy Holden, formerly lead guitarist of The Blue Cheer.

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We go all out to build you the best.

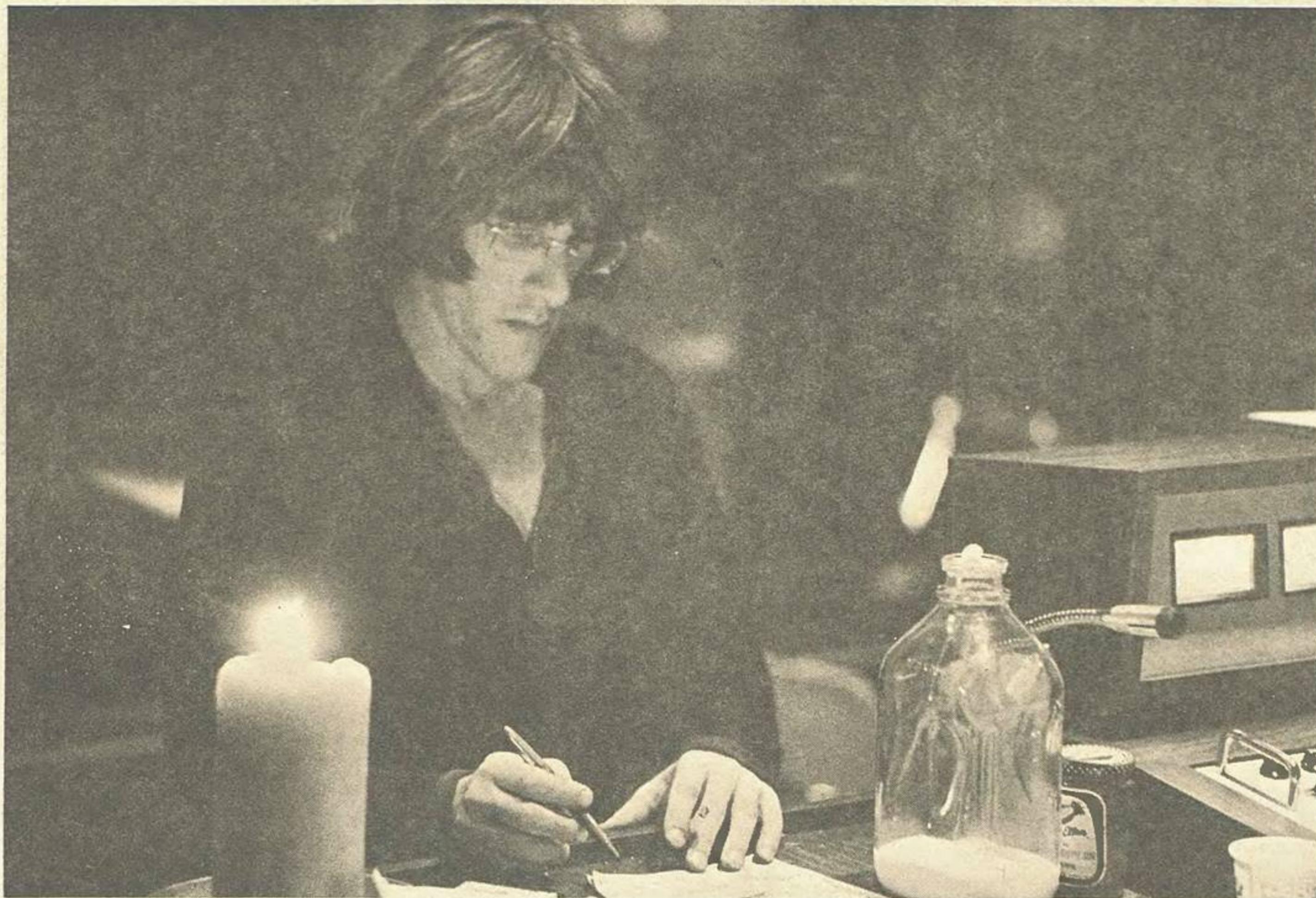
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The Steve Miller Band *Brave New World*





PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN

Jefferson Airplane Today

By Ben Fong-Torres

Paul Kantner, Spence Dryden, and Bill Thompson are in the lounge at Wally Heider's new studios in San Francisco. A few feet away, on the other side of a heavy door and an air closet, Jorma Kaukonen is adding another track onto a tune for the next Jefferson Airplane album. Marty Balin and Grace Slick are there to watch and listen.

Thompson, the Airplane's manager, is trying to generate some ideas for an album title. So far, he says, there's "Marbles," which would go well with a color shot of "this shitty, ugly old Indian Peyote blanket that's wrapped around a board, with marbles glued on it forming a face." And there's "A Flag for Your Window," which would go with a black and white photo of a downer kind of scene. It's a guy holding a newspaper on which is printed a full page size U.S. "flag for your window" (on national holidays, the San Francisco Examiner does that kind of a thing). Nearby is this old man wearing a ship-shaped hat made out of a sheet of newspaper. On his brim, the headline reads: "Eisenhower Is Dead."

"Yeah, well, I don't know," Kantner is saying, leaning back over the end of the sofa against the wall. "I think we oughta call it *Squat on My Grunt*."

And Spence, thinner, darker, and hairier than ever, with a full black moustache ending where his sideburns pick up, is the first to stop chuckling. "Man, I really think we should call it *2400 Fulton*. You know, put a bunch of derelicts and freaks on the porch and put that on the album. That's where it's all gone down this year." The salute-to-our-homestead, *After Bathing at Baxter's* riff.

The door opens, and Grace's head pops out. She steps into full view, her right hand holding the heavy door ajar. She nods at Thompson with a short, perfunctory smile. "The doctor will see you next, sir." She disappears.

And this is pretty much where the Airplane are at today. They've finished their sixth album now, and they're into their fourth year as a musical unit. But despite the years and the trips and the successes and the madness, they're pretty much the same old Airplane.

Grace Slick is still around, now a two-year veteran of rumors having her leave

the group, and she's as outrageous as ever. Just a couple of weeks back, she strolled into the elegant showroom of British Motor Cars, dressed in a loose silk ensemble and sandals, her befogged hair looking like a ball of sea weed held down by a headband. She joined a small gathering at a corner of the room, where a 1969 Aston Martin, tagged at \$18,000, was resting in shiny blue splendor. "WOW, what's that?" she cried. She was told, in a dismissing, who-are-you? tone, that it was an Aston, equipped with an automatic shift, just in. "FAR OUT!" she screamed. "That's just what I want. I'll take it!" And she did, paying for the machine in cash.

The rest of the Airplane is just as free-form and unpredictable, as always they've been. An album title, uppermost in most recording rock groups' priority lists, will come, with time and little prompting, to the Airplane. (As it is, the strongest contender for the next LP's title is *Volunteers of America*, with the cover art a photo collage put together by Grace and Kantner. The "Flag for Your Window" photo will probably be included in the montage.)

Unpredictable. Grace and Paul doing album cover art when it's always been Dryden the hottest to do a cover; Grace and Paul, when Marty's supposedly the most polished and proficient artist among the six.

The album's taken the most time this past half-year; seven full weeks at Wally Heider's new 16-track studios in San Francisco, plus a couple of weeks of mastering at the RCA studios in Los Angeles. But there's also been an ongoing legal battle with ex-manager Matthew Katz; a hectic concert swing in the southern and eastern reaches of the country, where Thompson and bassist Jack Casady were busted for being in a room where two joints were found; another bust while filming a segment for Jean-Luc Godard; an irritating series of on-stage tangles with authorities, and the slow re-establishment of Jefferson Airplane as a native San Francisco group. All of these events have served, Thompson says, to bind the band closer together than ever.

The first thing to consider, then, is the band's collective denial of persistent break-up rumors. Grace Slick was said to be going to Elektra as a solo artist,

with drummer Spence Dryden going with her as her producer. That rumor sprouted up from—of all places—the Airplane's own label, RCA Victor. But the rumors were quickly riddled with a fusillade of "no comments" from Grace, from Thompson, from Elektra's president Jac Holzman, and from Elektra's West Coast director, David Anderle. "She likes us and we like her," Anderle allowed, "and I hope it happens, but there's nothing definite, nothing to announce."

Too, when Grace and Spence took ill last year, Kaukonen and Casady—the itchiest-fingered members of the band—took off and started jamming together, appearing at small local clubs simply as "Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady." They've put together an LP of their own—made up mostly of instrumental blues and jazz numbers, a lot of the music improvisational. But, again, no sign from either Kaukonen or Casady that their act is anything more than an avocation within a vocation.

Today, Dryden and Kantner live at the grand mansion at 2400 Fulton; Grace has a house in Sausalito; Marty rents a house in Mill Valley; Casady and a pet owl live in San Francisco, and Kaukonen has a home of his own, also in San Francisco.

The band gets together for practice in a fully-equipped carpeted studio in the basement of 2400. Four large overhead speakers hang in one area of the dark but airy room, near a small electronics workshop. In a nearby corner is a four-track tape recorder, while all over the floor are strewn miscellaneous guitars, drums, chairs, and, here and there, left-over copies of Airplane souvenir program booklets.

Against one wall is a blackboard where lyrics and chord structures of tunes-in-progress are neatly written. "Revolution," a Balin composition that features some of the best harmonizing the Airplane's ever done, is on the board. It'll probably compete with "The Farm," a stompy new addition to the band's concert repertoire, to be the Airplane's next single. You can sing along:

"Up against the wall
Up against the wall, motherfuckers
Tear down the walls
Tear down the walls [4 bars guitar]
We can be together . . ."

Upstairs, on the main floor, is where the more majestic aspects of 2400 Fulton Street are evident. This is the house Tiffany built, back around 1904; this is the house Enrico Caruso is said to have stayed at after the great earthquake and fire; this is the replacement for Baxter's, the \$5000-a-month pink Beverly Hills mansion the Airplane partied at while attempting to cut their third LP, at the height of their commercial success in 1967.

In some ways, 2400 Fulton, bought a year ago from a rich 93-year-old rancher, is a worthy-enough heir. There's a wooden, one-passenger elevator that—if repaired—could tow people between the first and second floors. On the first floor stairway landing is a pastoral stained-glass window in muted greens and browns. Just how nice a piece of glass it is might be indicated by the fact that the Airplane were offered \$10,000 for it by a previous owner of the house.

Fixtures of the house notwithstanding, the Jefferson Airplane have impressed the mansion with its own brand of living. The visitor is greeted first by a room filled with ping-pong table. Next in sight, the dining room—larger and more lavish—is occupied by a billiard table. A big cardboard box for Mishka, one of the ten cats at the mansion, dominates the kitchen area, along with a huge steel refrigerator. Then, past a toy submachine gun and a real videotape recorder, onto the second floor, you reach the official Airplane business offices. Hallway walls are bare (by hip/house standards) except for Beatle posters and an old Coke ad. The third floor is mostly living quarters—for Kantner, for Grace, when she stays overnight, and for a couple of friends of the band's. Spence's quarters are on the second floor, his door marked "House of Bishops Committee Room; Bishops Only; Keep the Fuck Out."

That, as Dryden put it, is where it's all gone down this past year for the Airplane.

The new album is due out by the end of July. Where previous recording sessions have been emotionally and psychiatrically exhaustive affairs for the band ("Man, we're the worst people ever in a recording studio," Balin said during the *Bathing at Baxter's* sessions), the Heider sessions were almost breezy. "We



Marty Balin

just know more about studios now," Kantner said. Again, producer was Al Schmidt; engineer, his brother Rich.

"This is the first studio album we've recorded in San Francisco," producer Schmidt said. "They wanted to do one up here just because it was such a drag being away from home."

At home in the comfortable, dimly-lit Heider studios, Kaukonen stood behind the engineers, adding another guitar track onto "Eskimo Blue Day." Seated in front of the board, looking into the main studios, Balin and Grace direct Casady as his fuzz bass whines out harmony lines.

Cuts for the album include two Grace Slick compositions, "Eskimo Blue Day" and "Hey Frederick"; a pair by Jorma Kaukonen, "Together" and "Good Shepherd," Balin's "Revolution," and two tunes on which Kantner collaborated. One, written with Airplane art director Gary Blackman, is "The Farm," on which Jerry Garcia plays pedal steel guitar. The other is "Wooden Ships," which Steve Stills, David Crosby, and Kantner composed (no official credit is given to Kantner, however, because his involvement in the Airplane lawsuit would have tied up royalties). The album, at this point a solid 45 to 50 minutes of music, also continue "Spence's City Song" and "J.P.P. McStep Blues" by Dryden.

It's a beautiful Airplane album, with the Balin-Slick punctuation (Ye-ah!) between verses more joyful than painful; and for those who thought the Airplane sound too full to add onto, there's Garcia on his countrified Hawaiian guitar on one track and pianist Nicky Hopkins pounding out piano tracks on several other cuts.

Kantner, typifying the Airplane's in-public feelings toward their company, doesn't think there's any material in the package commercial enough to put out as a single. "We just haven't come up with anything," he said, "and we don't pay attention to RCA anymore anyway. They can release whatever they want to."

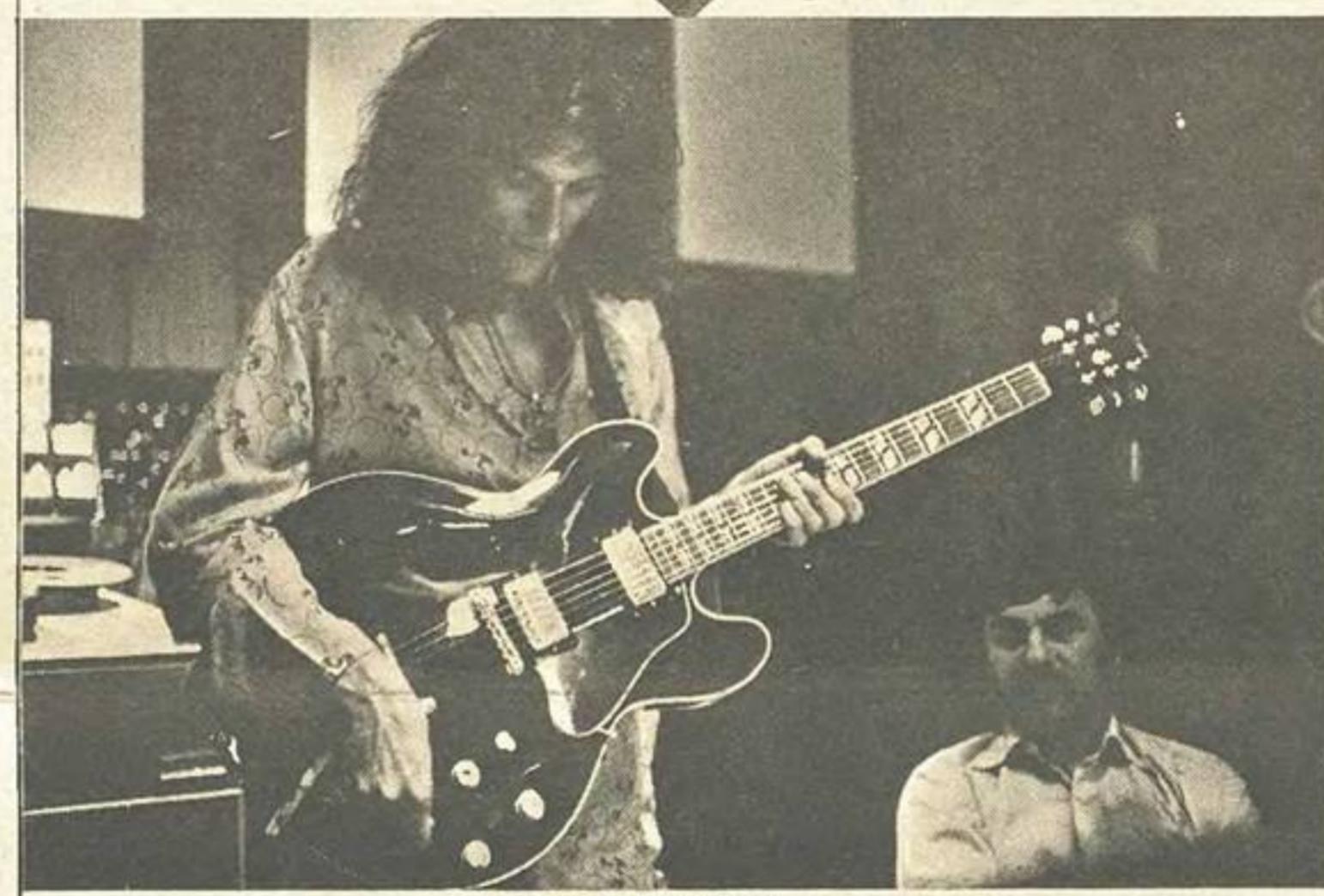
But the album, with the communal flavor of composing contributions from five of the six Airplane; with great lyrics ranging from romance to revolution; and with the tasty ornamentations of Hopkins and Garcia, is bound to make RCA—in spite of the Airplane—happy.

But, again, the album is but one phase of the Jefferson Airplane's movie. A summer of rest, dotted by a few festival dates, is expected to crash to a halt by early fall. Tours to Alaska, to the Soviet Union, and to the Far East are all in serious talking stages, according to manager Thompson.

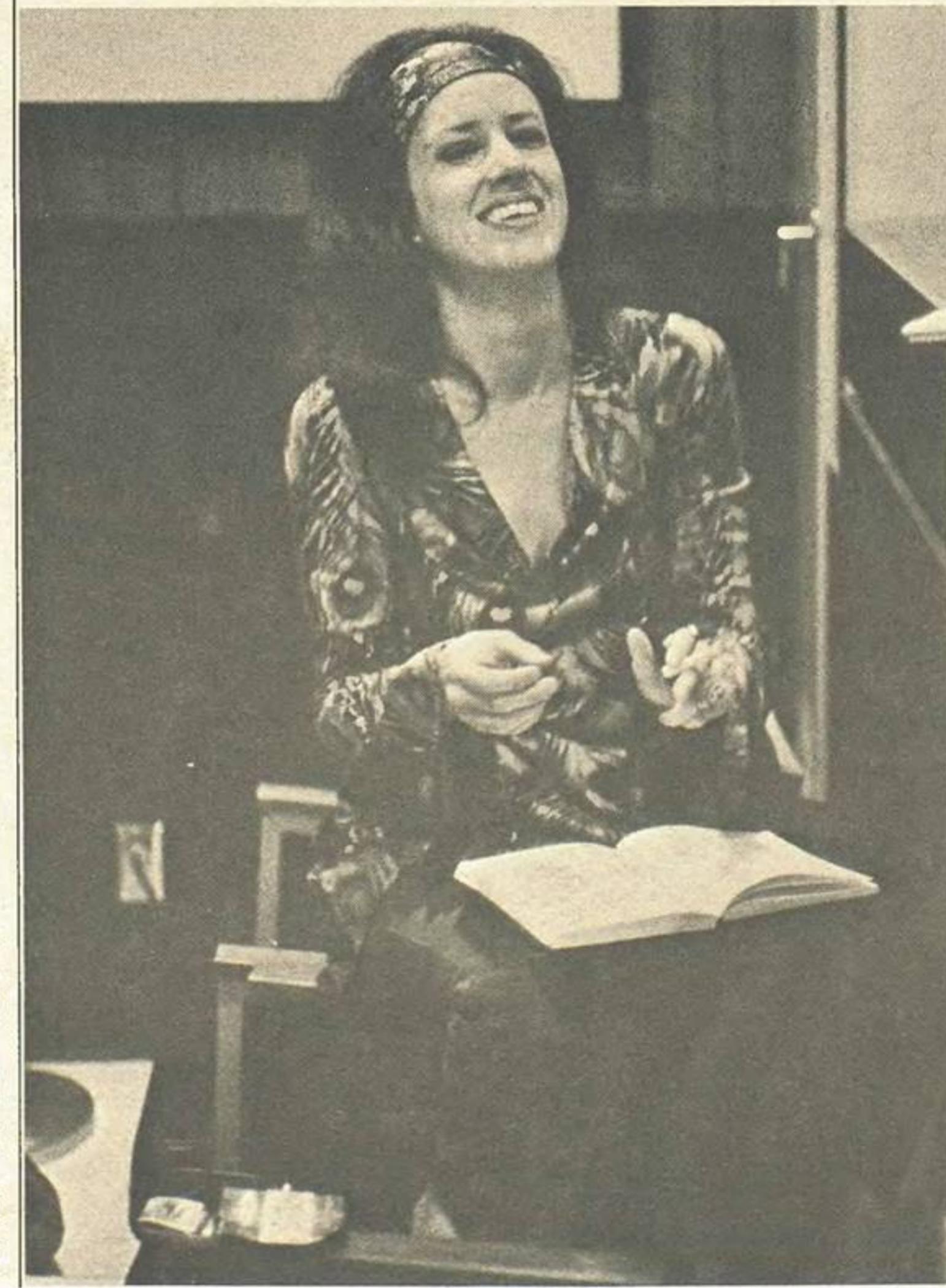
Also in the works is a film on the Airplane being shot by Grace's husband Jerry. "What it is," Kantner says, "is we're putting out a film on ourselves for a feature or for TV. Grace's husband is shooting it and Glenn McKay is putting it together. It'll be like 'A Day in the Life Of,' you know—centered around our house and dealing with the six of us and what we think. It'll have us playing out at Speedway and doing free things in Chicago, and stuff at Winterland."

"The only thing special about it, it'll be up to us to put the thing out, and it'll be done when it's right. No deadlines and hassles with producers and stuff."

Free concerts have become—along with an outrageously wide variety of busts and near-busts—a thing with the Airplane. Almost as soon as they set-



Jorma Kaukonen



Grace Slick

tled back into San Francisco, they started showing up at Golden Gate Park for free sessions. They played a People's Park benefit at Winterland and helped Bill Graham net some \$17,000 for the Berkeley street people. They joined the Grateful Dead for a weekend at Winterland; then, last week, they shared the bill with the original Charlatans for another old-timers' get-together, at the opening of the beachsite Family Dog on the Great Highway.

On the road, they've tried to squeeze in a free show for almost every paid concert they do. "It's just a thing," Balin says. "We just decide it'd be groovy and wouldn't hurt the promoters any, so we do it." In Chicago, the Airplane played Grant Park, site of the worst of the slaughtering at the Democratic Convention last August. This time some 50,000 persons assembled, without incident, to hear Grace sing and tell them to "buy acid with the five dollars you would have had to spend for this concert."

The Jefferson Airplane, while successful as the unchallenged standard-bearer of the San Francisco rock scene, has been less fortunate on the legal front. In a hotel room in New Orleans, Casady and Thompson were busted on the cannabis charge. Earlier, in New York, the group were being filmed by Godard atop the Pennebaker Studios doing a couple of numbers. Sure enough, cops ascended the edifice and busted the group for playing without a permit. Godard, of course, has included the sequence in his *An American Movie*—with soundtrack by the Airplane.

In both Miami—part of the band's spring tour into the southeast—and in Santa Clara, scene of the Northern California Folk Rock Festival—the Airplane had the power disconnected from under them, supposedly for overstaying property owners' invitations. Shades of the Bakersfield, California "inciting to riot" troubles of late 1967.

And, at home again, the six members of the group have been spending a lot of time trooping down to the courthouse in San Francisco's Civic Center, testifying in the massive lawsuit thrown at them by their ex-manager. Between court sessions, they've been taking turns jetting down to LA to help master the album tapes.

Still, the Airplane—from all appearances—seem to be feeling no pain.

Jack Casady, looking like a long-haired Don Knotts behind tinted glasses, walks into the studio with an attache case at his side, joining Kantner, Dryden, Dryden's chick, and Thompson.

For the past few minutes, Dryden, pouting, has been trying to convince Thompson that the LP should be a double-LP set. "This LP is the best one yet, man and we shouldn't rush it." Yeah, Thompson had soothed, but RCA's rushing it and they're paying the bills.

"Man," Casady says, oblivious to the previous discussion. And he proceeds to spin off a monologue about the L.A. smog, about his super-powerful bass amp, for which "a guy called Owsley" is inventing a new kind of battery, about his new Mini-Cooper—"it really gets it on"; about *Stranger in a Strange Land*; now about how he's going to "paint my car bizarre."

The door opens. Grace shows half her body, looks around. "Ah yes, Mr. Casady," she says, spying Casady cross-legged on the floor. "The doctor will be with you in a moment." She disappears again.

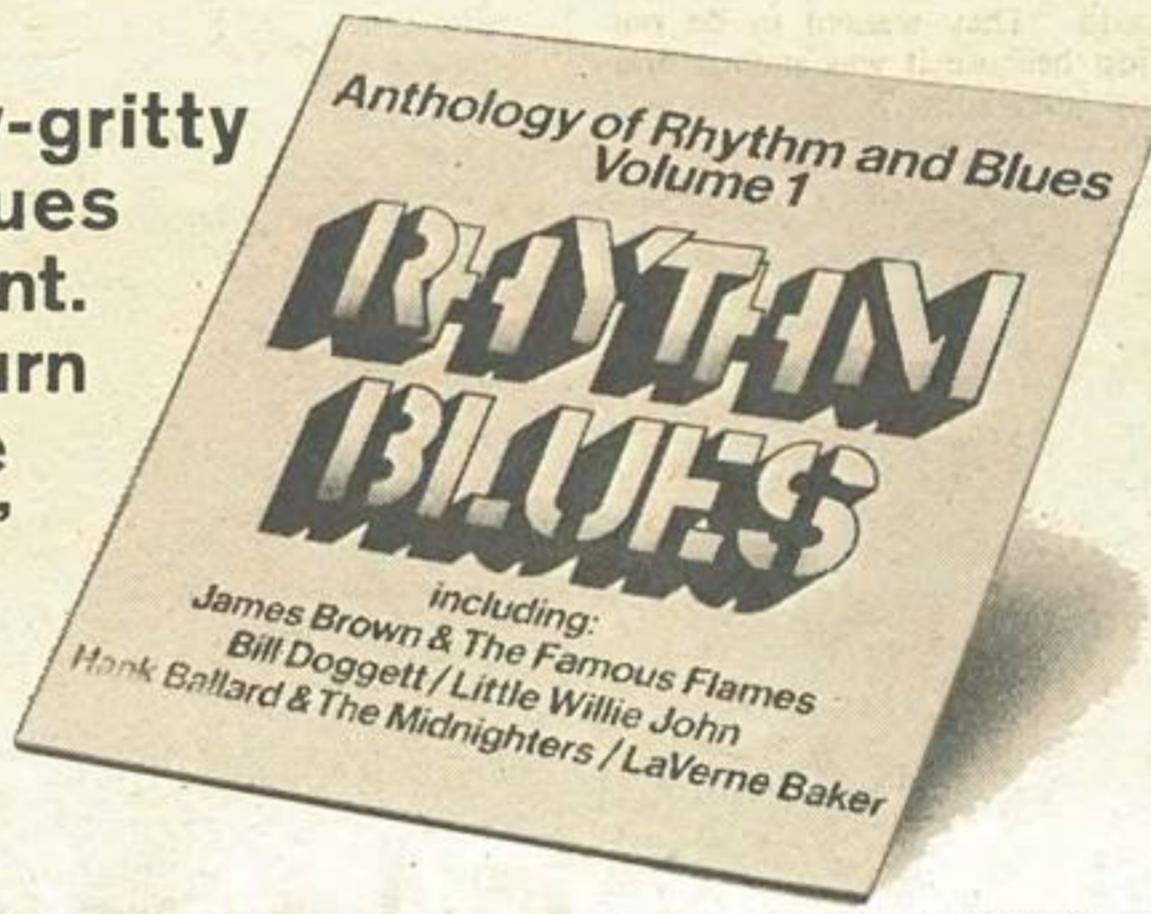
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BARON WOLMAN

PERSPECTIVES: A REUNION AT WINTERLAND

By Ralph J. Gleason

Eric Burdon may talk about these "warm San Francisco nights," I thought as I drove in the high wind across the Bay Bridge to San Francisco, but it sure ain't warm very often.

In the City, the wind blew scraps of paper along the Geary Street curb as we drove past the old Fillmore Auditorium at Fillmore and Geary where so much of it happened and the Geary Temple alongside it, where Janis had rehearsed her band.

Here we are four years after it all began and it was still the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead and the prospect of both of them on the same bill had the kind of special edge to it that it had always had. It was tradition now that the Dead and the Airplane inevitably played well together and you knew when those two bands came out that all the original people, Haight Street refugees bedded down now in campers and in communes in Marin and Mt. Shasta and Santa Cruz and Sonoma, would, somehow, show up.

No parking along side Winterland, natch. Just a line of cars we got caught in. A sedan stopped in front of us and out of it jumped Grace Slick, hair flying, to snatch the CLOSED sign from the entrance to the underground Winterland garage. Before she got back into the car, another sedan cut across traffic lines to follow her. I blew my horn and then saw Jack Casady, gnome-like, bending over the steering wheel oblivious to me or anybody else, intent on making that turn, man! Grace got back into her car, drove down the ramp and Casady followed.

Too much! I thought. Superstars in San Francisco just like anybody else. They're not superstars, though, I thought again. They're the Airplane and all the Airplane is part of San Francisco and even in other cities they say they don't get torn apart by the crowds and hassled like the superstars do.

I drove on past the ramp and onto the parking lot next door. As I was leaving Marty Balin drove up in a VW bus looking happy and wearing what will become a full beard if he lets it alone. It's halfway there now, at the place that gives him that two-weeks-vacation-in-Yosemite look.

We walked down the street to the front of Winterland past the usual panhandlers chanting the sacred chants of the street people — "Gotany sparechange!" "Sparechange!" "Sparechange!" "Gotadime?" and the rest. A tall man dripping buckskin fringe and tingling all over from bells was cavorting in the middle of the sidewalk, his beard bristling like some old color print of a devil's disciple as he hit on everybody who came along.

Two short chicks walked by, full mod-hippie-eye-shade. One of them zonked out of her mind, leaning on the shoulder of the other at an angle of 45 degrees. Wow! I thought. She didn't waste any time.

At the door the usual wrangle between a hippie and a rent-a-cop was going on. Nobody pays any attention any more. Big John was taking tickets, his solid black face immobile as he stared straight ahead and stuck out his big hands for the tickets. Inside the lobby was jammed and the rent-a-cops were busy trying to keep the kids moving. "Can't stand here! All right, move on!" It sounded like the Saturday night street scene downtown.

Winterland is an old building, a big three story shell that occupies half a block and is made of concrete and steel and used to be the home of the Ice Follies. Hundreds of prize fights have been held there and it was the place where Ken Kesey was going to have a dance on Halloween, and then mine the place with a lot of acid depth charges and delayed action bombs so that the following night, when Governor Pat Brown, Sammy Davis, Jr., and the rest of the big political show came in, they would get blasted out of their minds. *Turn on the world!* It didn't happen, of course, but that's another story.

Anyway, inside the lobby there are concession stands with hot dogs, weak cokes and like that along the side opposite the doors, a cloakroom and cigarette machine at one end presided over by Peaches (who came with the old Fillmore and, like Big John, has stayed on) and at the other end of the precipitous stairs down to the can.

As we were walking through, or rather struggling through, the wall of living flesh, Bill Graham shot past like a light half back going off tackle for ten yards, black hair now longer than ever and bound round by a kind of yarmulka. Talk about high energy! Man, he invented it! Straight!

Entering the ramp to go to the regular floor of the Winterland arena you have to pass through a concrete chute from the lobby to the arena. You emerge at the back of the arena, a series of rows of theater type seats on your level leading down to the dance floor (basketball court or whatever it is) with the actual stage 'way down on the right hand side near the end of the hall. Above the stage is a huge screen in sections which run for almost 100 feet hanging from the balcony behind the bandstand. At the far end the two story curtains block off the dressing room area. The light show uses all the screen and the curtains sometimes, too.

The bandstand looks like an airplane carrier with huge theater type speakers at each end, like a pilot's house and some kind of a command post. It's very war-like in silhouette. The hall is dark. There are no lights except in the lobby and from the light show and over the exit doors.

On the floor in front of the bandstand—a floor bigger than a basketball court really; a floor big enough for an indoor track almost—the audience was sitting, jammed so tight together that if one of them left to make the run to the head he might never be able to get back. Every seat downstairs was taken, except those directly behind the bandstand where you could hear but not see. The aisles were packed with people and a handful of rent-a-cops were struggling to keep a lane open in a kind of ritual recognition of the natural laws of fire hazard.

There were semi-comic aspects to it. The rent-a-cops in the lobby were sending the incoming patrons through the chute to the main floor of the arena where the other rent-a-cops were sending them back out. Finally, the crowd began to sift slowly up the narrow stairs to the balcony. Winterland's balcony is like the cliffs at Acapulco, the Palisades or the down-grade on a roller coaster. You gotta be able to stand heights. I mean straight life heights. If you are already high, well, that's another story, too. But stone sober you are high in the air and the view is almost

straight down.

In the front rows opposite the bandstand and the screen, Glen McKay and the light show people were zipping back and forth behind their battery of equipment like a group of mad scientists wiring up the manufactured man to the stroboscopic device that would make him a living, breathing thing. I couldn't take it, so we went back down the stairs. "Man, one cat sends me in and that other pig sends me out" one bearded longhaired youth was saying to another as they climbed up the stairs, "It's a bummer."

We tried downstairs again and I pulled rank and spoke magic words like "CBS," "NBC," "ROLLING STONE," "San Francisco Chronicle." Nobody paid any attention. Finally one of the rent-a-cops who has been there a long time recognized me and let us through and we slowly made our way to the area behind the band where we could sit down.

All this while the Grateful Dead were playing one of those groovy kind of things they do which, if you walk in on it, it is hard to tell just which one is being played. They have a tendency to get into an extended thing in the middle and, if it is the right tempo, to go on with it a long, long time—sometimes too long a time—and it all sounds the same. Groovy and all that. But the same.

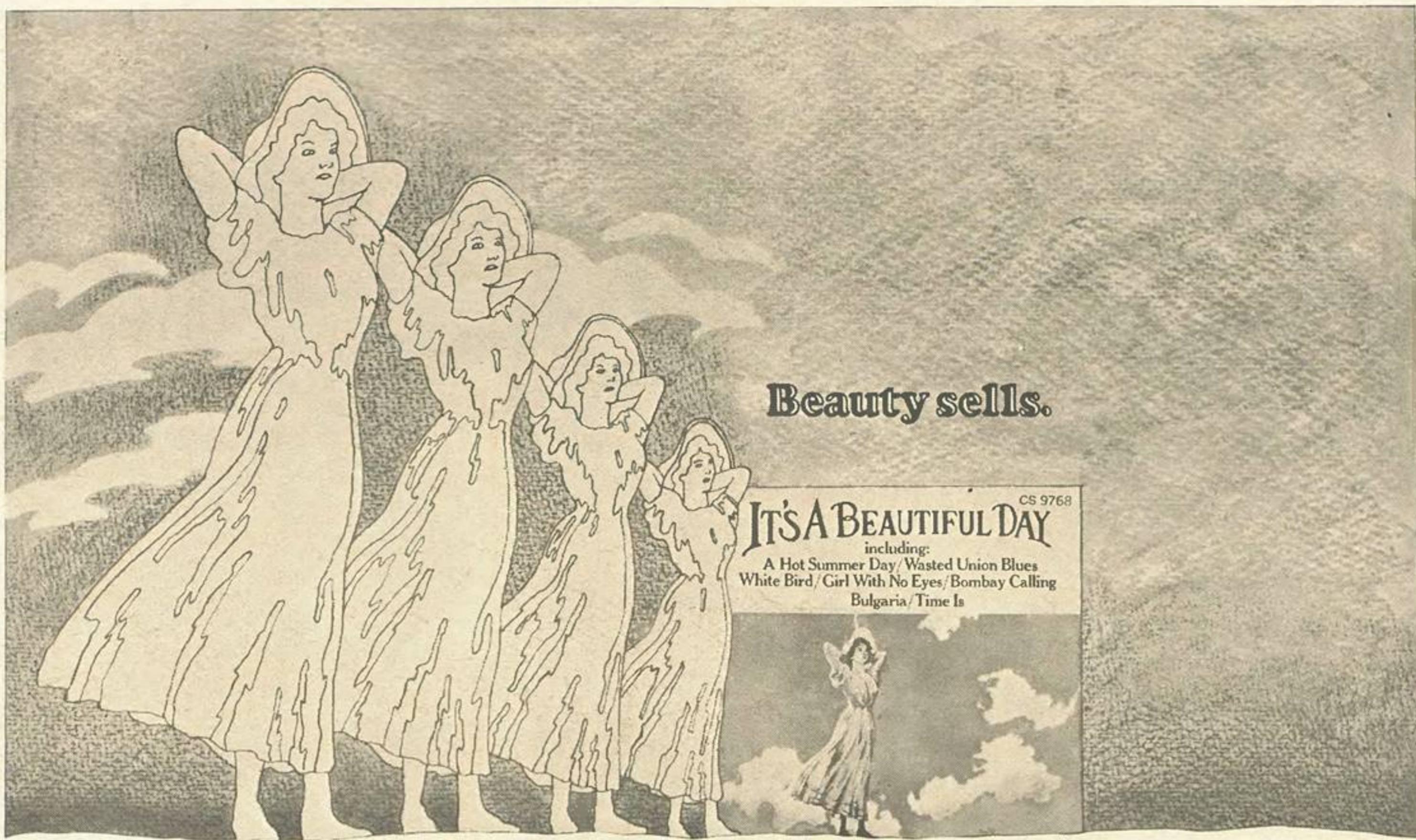
Two young cats sat behind us as the tune ended. They were short haired, wearing zelon zip windbreakers and one of them said "I just got the new Youngblood's album, *White Elephant*." "You mean *Elephant Mountain*," the one said and then they discussed how good it was. Up and down the aisles guys walked zapping fluorescent yo-yos up and down. The Dead went into "Cold, Rain and Snow." The cop who was stationed behind the bandstand, kept anybody from getting up the back steps to it and also from standing in the wide staircase that led to the dance floor. There was a section of several rows of chairs behind the bandstand which was empty. Now and then someone would climb over the rope and sit in them and then the cop would shine his ever-lovin' light on the trespasser until he left.

The Dead ended their set, Jerry Garcia stalked through the crowd carrying his guitar and looking taller than he looks on stage, his thick, short black beard glowing in the light from the light-show projectors for a moment and more light seeping through his bushy hair.

The Airplane came on slowly. Grace, Marty, Paul, Jorma, Spencer got on stage and I never even saw him. Two guys stopped in front of us. "Got a joint?" One of them said, "I came here straight, man." A girl on crutches was picked up and carried to a seat by a thin guy in blue jeans. The Airplane did "It's No Secret" and "Other Side of This Life" and then Paul stepped forward and sang "Fat Angel" and somebody said "that's nostalgia now. Isn't it great?" And they ended the set. The audience gave them a lot of applause but there was no encore. There hadn't been one for the Dead either.

Then Mongo came on and the insinuating rhythms of his Afro-Latin music filled the hall. When he strikes the skin heads he gets a sharp sound that cuts through anything. ("skin on skin" he calls it). His piano player sits high on the stool and kicks the footpedal and

—Continued on Page 30



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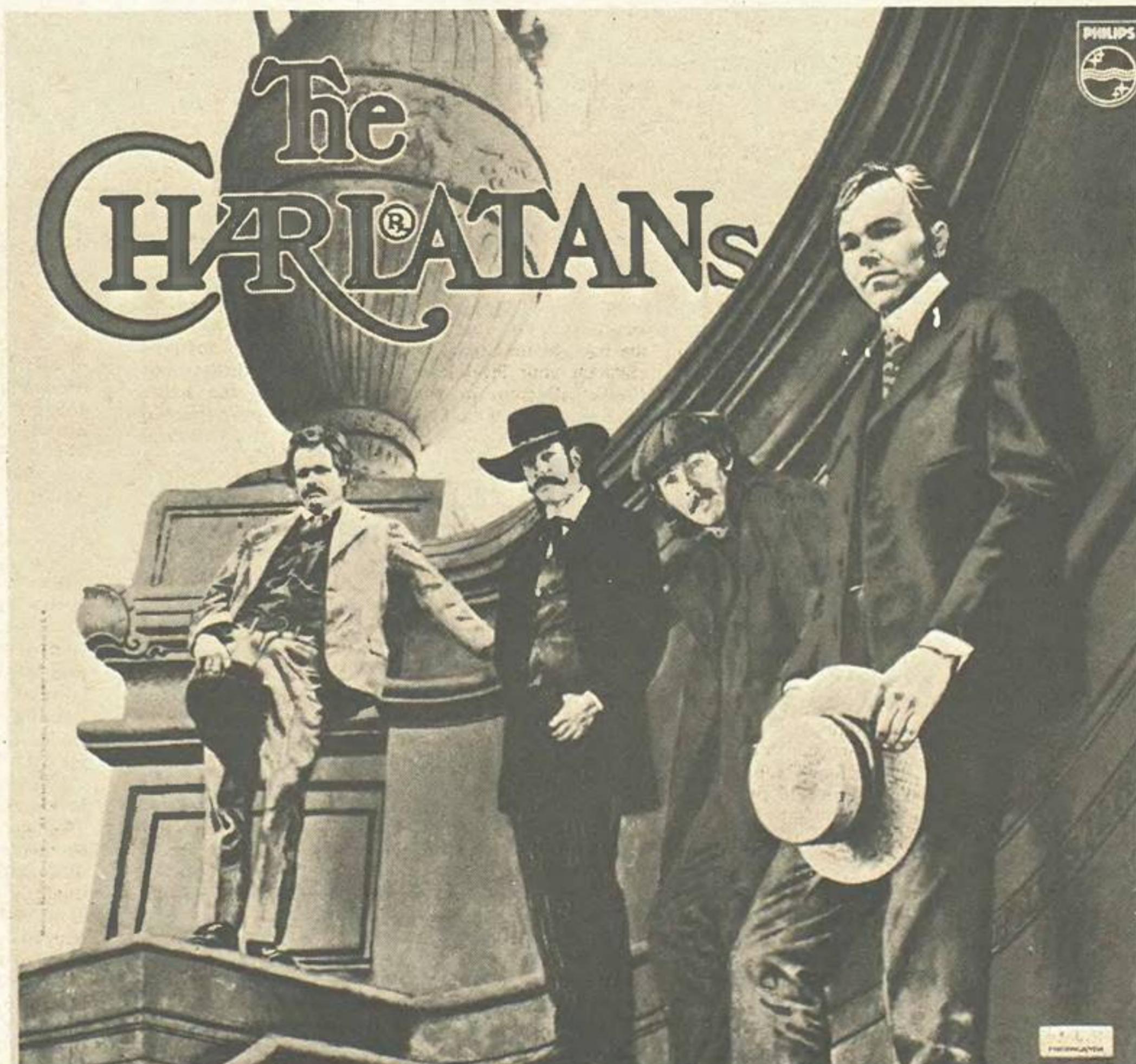
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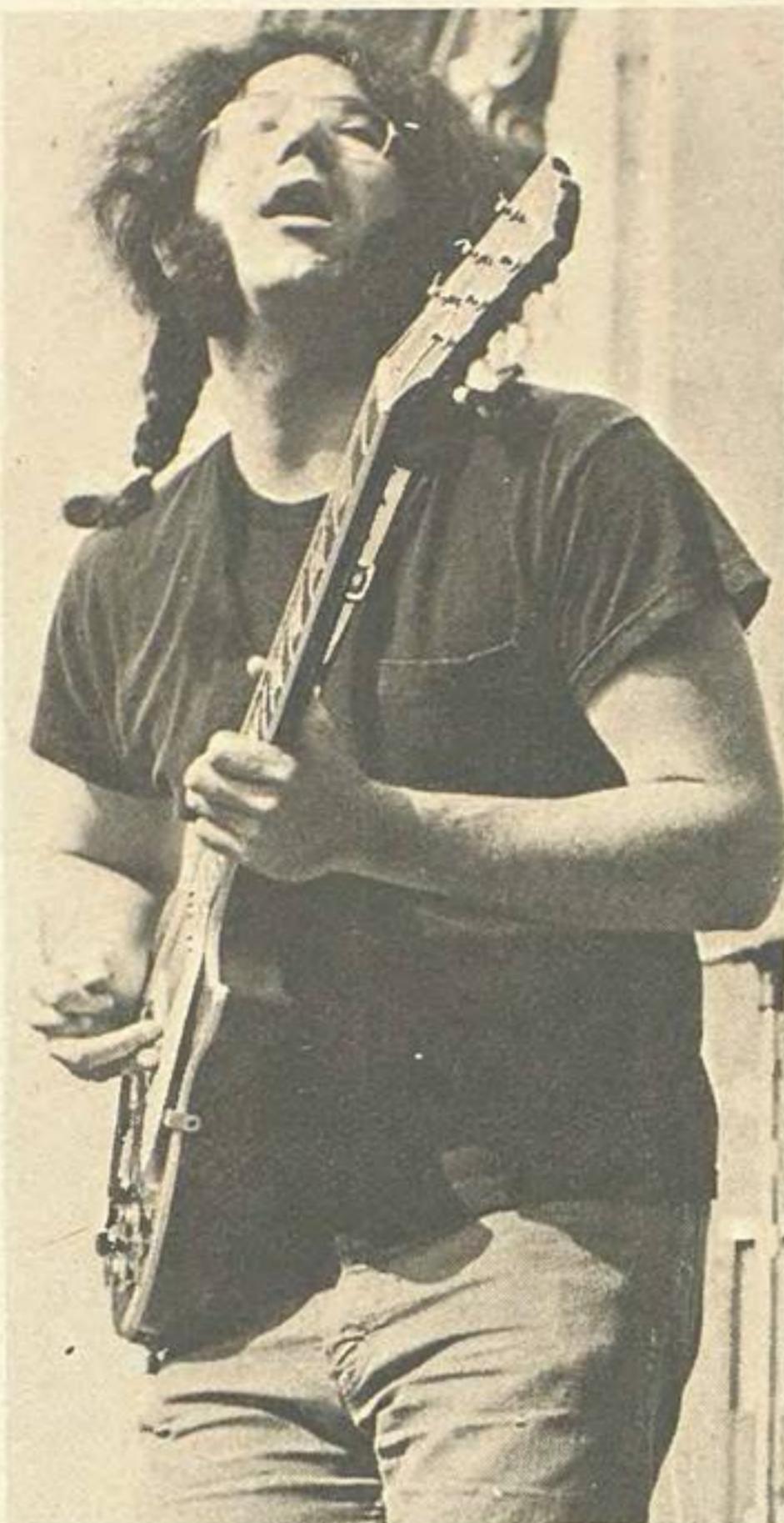
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the bass player sways with the beat and the timbales player keeps breaking sticks. They went through their repertoire and the dancers on the side were really wailing, a number of Mongo freaks having come in specially for his Winterland debut.

Winterland is about three times the size of Fillmore West and when Bill Graham has attractions like the Airplane and the Dead he moves over to Winterland to accommodate the crowd.

Some of the dancers were really wild, the kind you don't see at rock dances ordinarily. They do that Latin thing which goes back to New York and Havana and which is wild but more formal, certainly, than the free-form hippie dance that is the standard for the rock bands.

The crowd really loved Mongo. Whap! Whap! he went on the conga drum and the band burst into "Watermelon Man" which is now his theme, the horns wailing a riff against the lead. Then he ended the set and they screamed for more. They kept shouting and clapping and he went back on and did a long encore variation on "Watermelon Man" and then left the stage. It was a huge success for him and it was his debut to that audience.

The Dead came back on, their tribal community flowing with them until, like some huge horde of lemmings, they covered the stage. There are more people on stage when the Dead play than ever got there to embrace Mick Jagger. Bill Graham, who had been dancing while Mongo played, was back on stage grooving to the Dead. Martin Balin and Grace Slick came out from behind the curtains and sat down in back of the band in the empty row of chairs. The rent-a-cop looked at them and didn't shine his ever-lovin' light on them at all! Several people climbed through the rope and over the chairs and at least two got on stage. A stage hand rousted them and the rent-a-cop frog-marched one of them out of the hall. As soon as he split, the crowd filled the backstage area, some getting on stage or on the stage steps, and dozens of others camping down on the stairs. When he came back he was ten minutes clearing it all away.

Sunshine and several other little tow-headed kids were on stage and the Dead's chicks were dancing like hippie go-go-girls. They did a long set, "Anthem of the Sun" and "Alligator" and "Death Don't Have No Mercy" (the old Gary Davis classic) and the drum solos and cherry bomb explosions made it wild. A guy walked along the aisle selling the fluorescent yo-yos for a dollar. Sinking into the chair behind me a long haired buckskin type sighed out "Ahhhhh so stoned!!" and a man in long white robes walked slowly through the strobe light raising his hands as it flickered over him. Some of the dancers stood in one place moving up and down and raising their arms. Rock Scully, the Dead's manager, went zooming off into the crowd dancing. You could see his eyes shining 20 feet away.

The Dead ended the set but the crowd wouldn't let them leave and they had to play an encore. If there's a fault with this great band it's that they have not really expanded their repertoire for concerts. They keep changing the structure of the things they do, but they come up with relatively few new numbers. Pig Pen no longer plays the organ. Tom Constanten does that while Pig stands behind a conga drum, an incongruous Western dude who wandered down to Havana still togged out from the rodeo. Humphrey Bogart late show flicks have characters like that sitting around in the background in Caribbean saloons.

Jerry Garcia is really a remarkable musician. No one I can think of, with the possible exception in recent years of Wes Montgomery and Barney Kessel, has had such an individual sound in his guitar playing. Garcia is paradoxical. His sound is butter-soft and mellow but its cuts through. It is a question, I think, of where he pitches it. But you can always hear him. Phil Lesh's bass reminds me of Paul Desmond in one of those long dialogues with Brubeck or maybe Miles Davis in musical conversation with Tony Williams. Lesh and Garcia weave over, under, upside down through the blanket of bubbling feeling that the rest of the band creates and Jerry's voice dominates the vocal sound of the band. It's getting better too, and when he does "Death Don't Have No Mercy" sometimes it becomes a truly impressive instrument.

The Dead did their encore and it was already two o'clock. Closing time. In California, night clubs, bars and dance halls close early. City laws and county laws and state laws form a network of restrictions and the dance hall laws in Frisco say two AM and that's it. So Bill Graham went to the microphone and said "It's two AM and the law says we must close. You are all now at a private party!" And he locked the doors. There were several thousand people waiting and they screamed their approval just as willingly as they would have put him down for being a money grubber in another situation.

So the Airplane came back on after the Dead's set and their encore. And they did it. They really did it up! Got it on or whatever you want to say. I mean they *played!*

As they straggled to the stand (informality and a non-structured image has always been the Airplane's thing) I had the premonition they would have a good set. They started with "Other Side of This Life" and then went on and on, the crowd screaming and applauding and the pool of dancers on the side waving their arms in the strobe light like the bacchanale at the end of the world. Bill Thompson stood on stage—he's been with them from the beginning as a friend, road manager and now manager—transfixed. David Freiburg of the Quicksilver Messenger Service sat on a folding chair behind the speakers leaning forward watching the band.

Marty and Grace's voices went soaring out into the huge hall, coiling around one another, swelling and retreating, sliding up and down the scale, ringing out the notes and the sounds like they were two electric guitars soloing in a mad exchange. The night before I had seen *Make Love in London*, that pseudo-psych-

chedelic flick with Pink Floyd which is only important for the interview with Mick, and I thought how ridiculous to try to put on film 6,000 miles away what it is like here. And then I saw the film cameramen again, from KQED-TV and Jerry Slick, Grace's husband, who is making a flick on the Airplane. They were crouching and creeping all over switching lights on and off to shoot the audience, their faces packed up to the lip of the stage, the arms reaching over it and waving.

Paul and Grace and Marty sang a song, I never did get the name, and they didn't remember the next day. But at one point the voices went into a long string of eighth notes, syllable by syllable, as they hammered out the words. "We could be together and tear down the walls . . . walk down the street and what do you hear? A revolution!" Marty sang. (It was "Paul's Revolution Song," I learned later. Words by Marty and tune by Paul.) Jorma's guitar snapped and snarled and then buzzed and rang out. Paul sang "In Time" and I thought how mellow and full his voice sounded and the lines from "Pooneil" echoed through the hall. "Will the moon still shine in the sky, when I die . . .?" Grace and Paul did a country-ish song, "The Farm," written by Gary Blackman, like Thompson with them from the beginning, and Jorma did an incredible solo, with the wah-wah pedal and Jack Casady's bass working together like giant pistons in some science fiction flick pumping in perfect synch. Grace did "White Rabbit" and the crowd screamed and Grace's voice went out over them like a bird flying.

The crowd wouldn't stop when the band did. A guy walked down the aisle snapping his fingers and swaying. "The music's over" somebody said to him and he smiled and said "It'll start again." He was right, it did. They had to go back on, there was no other choice. Jorma started it, Spencer cracking behind him and both of them riding on Jack's bass like two surf boards on the crest. A voice from the balcony screamed "oooooooooh!" in one of the split second silences.

Then suddenly it was over. Everybody stood there. I looked at my watch and it was four AM. I couldn't believe it. Four AM and thousands still on the floor and wanting to stay. Casady came off stage smiling. "Sure was weird up there tonight," he said and added "It's better'n playing in the basement!" Marty smiled and said, "It felt better up there tonight than it has in six months."

Three days later the FM radios began announcing that the Airplane and the Dead would play in the park in the afternoon free, and they did, sending out their sounds from giant speakers over the polo field where the great Be-Ins was held in January 1967 (not ten years ago as everybody seems to think!). Out in the sunlight the people looked happy and wild and strangely beautiful as they always do and even though the wind blew the sound in puffs away from the speakers and made it hard to hear the bands unless you were right up close, it was a beautiful day and I decided that more than anything else what these bands have is a feeling in a truly spiritual way. They make you feel good.

As we left that evening and the bands were still playing, I thought of what a young man had said to me at four o'clock in the morning at Winterland three days before when it was all over. "Why can't it be like this everywhere?" he said with tears—literally—in his eyes. I looked at him and said I wished I knew the answer.

Why not? Why not? Why not, indeed.

This album will probably make a lot of rock musicians feel insecure.

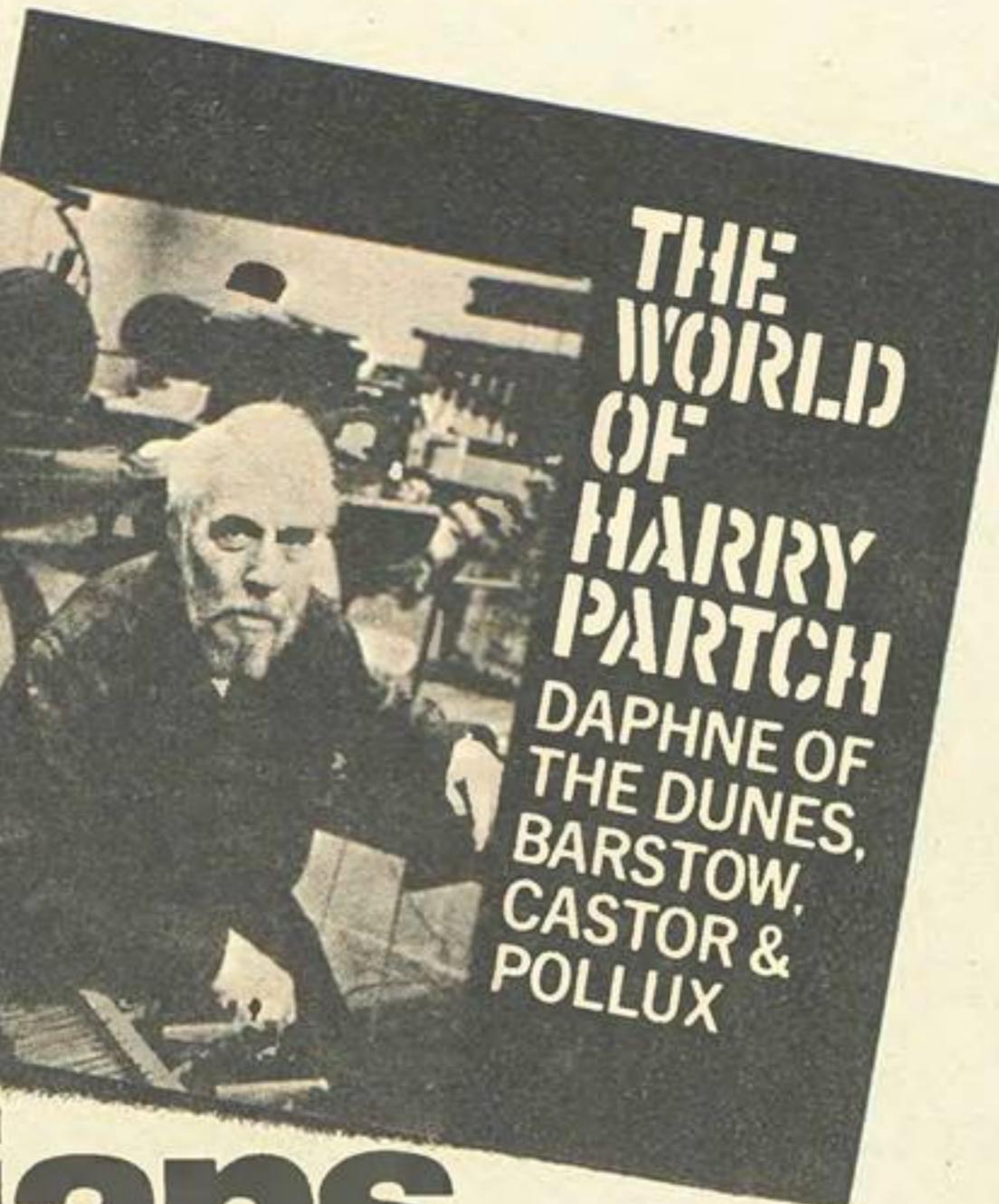
It's probably hard for you to imagine anyone more creative and more fluid in his approach to music, than today's great rock composer/musician/stars.

That's why this album will shock you. Harry Partch is a man who's been blowing minds with his music for years. For those that have been lucky enough to hear it.

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subtle than anything you've ever heard.) And he even makes his own instruments. Every instrument you'll hear on this album was built by Harry Partch.

Field that one, Frank Zappa.

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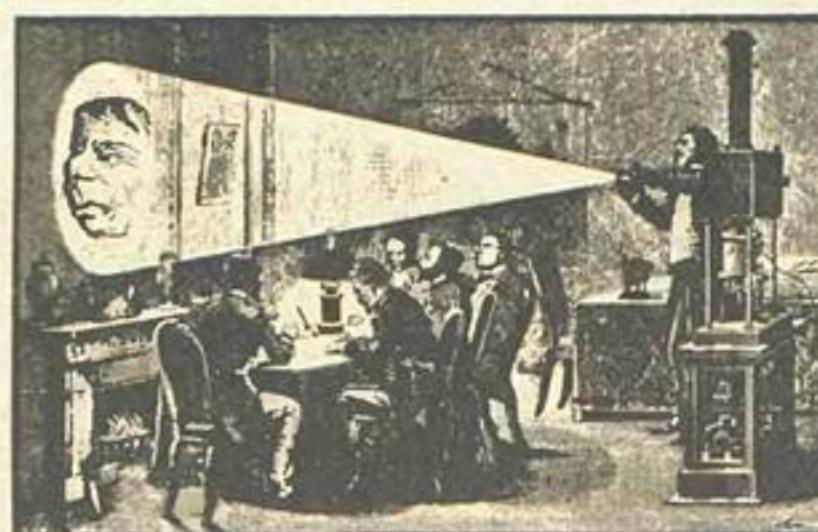
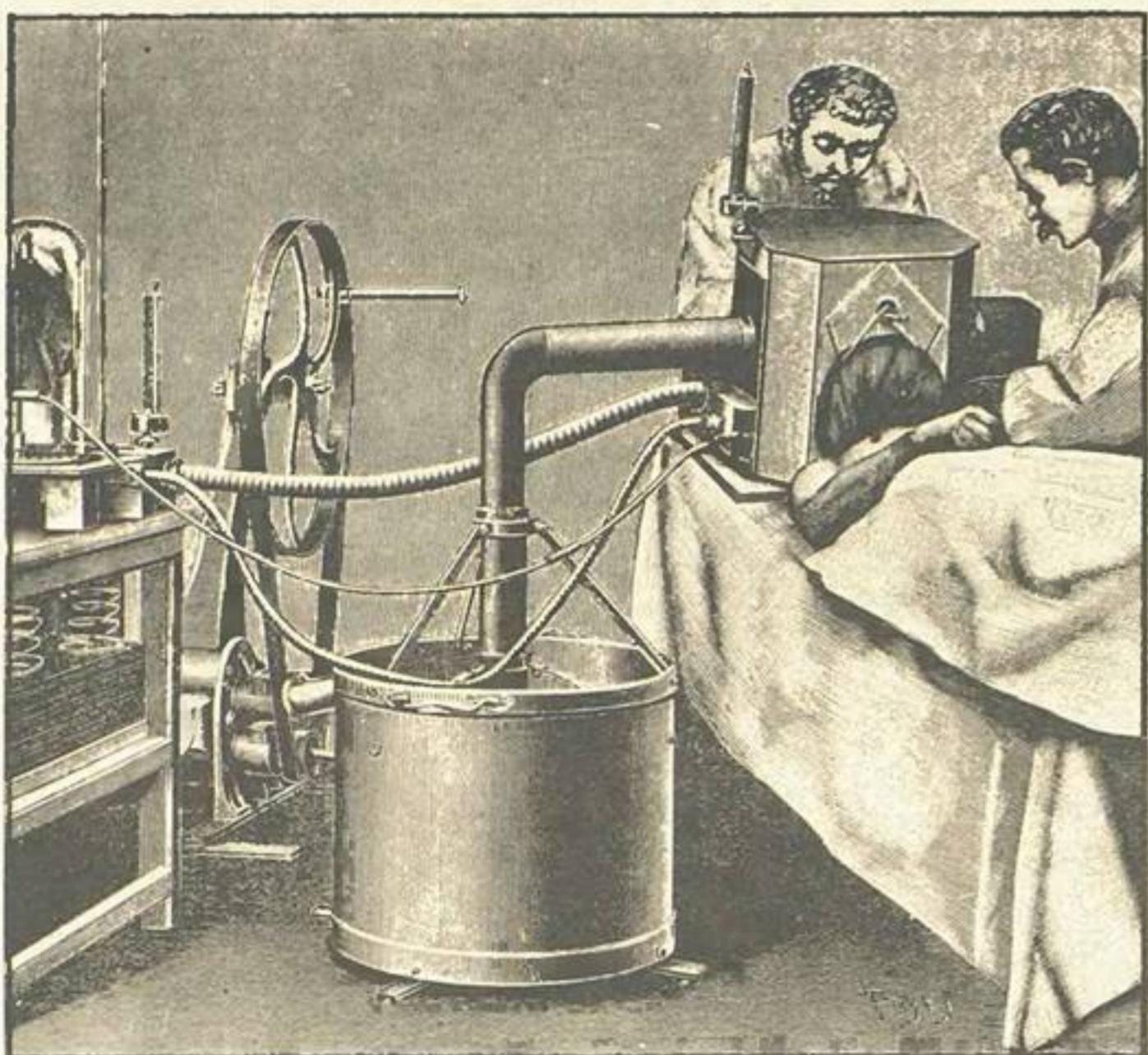
SUNDAY NIGHT

James Cotton
Lightnin' Hopkins
Son House
Charley Musselwhite
T-Bone Walker

INSTALLMENT
FIVE

FUZZ AGAINST JUNK

THE SAGA OF THE NARCOTICS BRIGADE

BY
AKBAR DEL PIOMBO

REHASH: In the wake of an outbreak of crime traced to dope usage, the N.Y.-P.D. has summoned help from the British super-sleuth Sir Edwin Fuzz. In our last issue we left Sir Edwin in a projection room, where he continued to undergo a rapid briefing.

Highly elaborate infusional or respiratory system discovered in clandestine use in a reputable New York hospital. The powerful machinery and compressed air were designed to feed Cocaine to the criminal. Both criminal operators were arrested, the one on the right committing suicide shortly after; the other, a New York "beatnik," is now serving time in Sing-Sing.

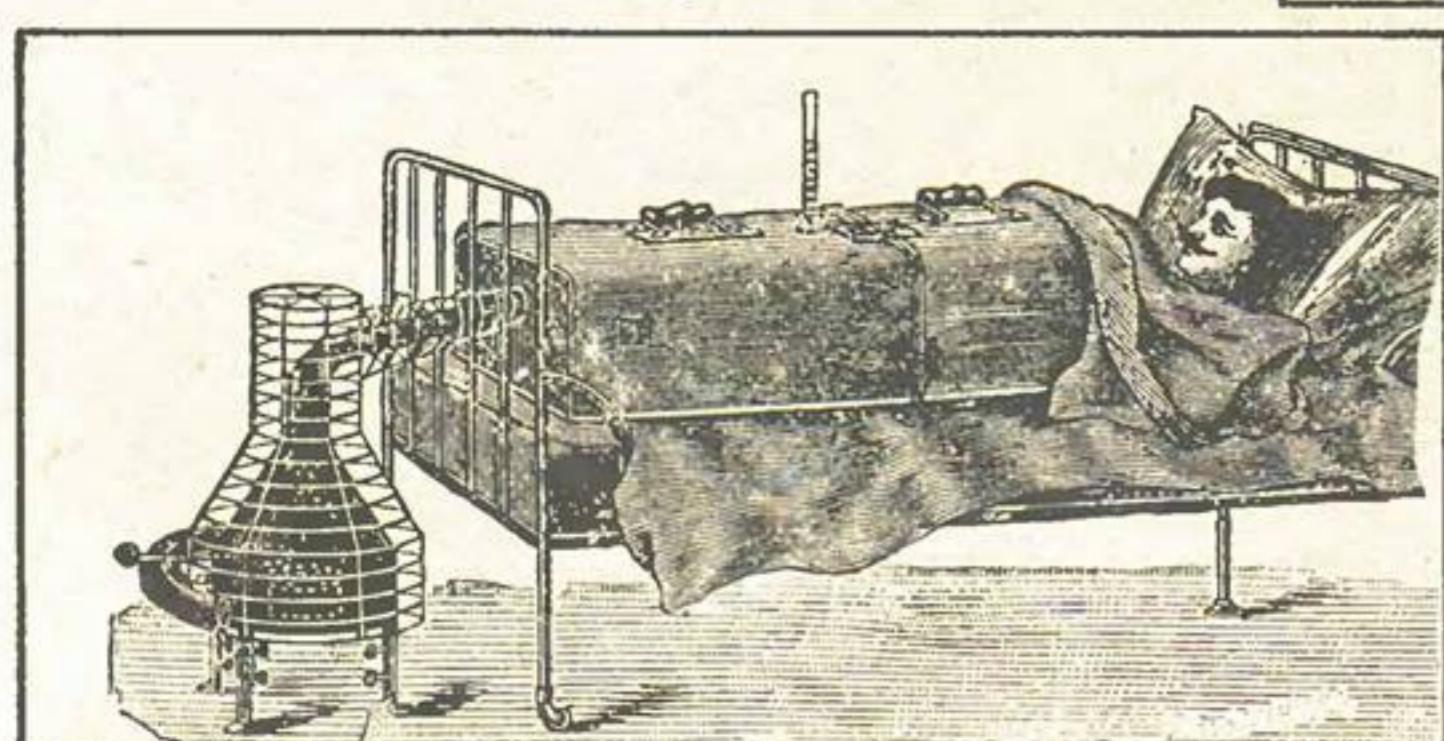
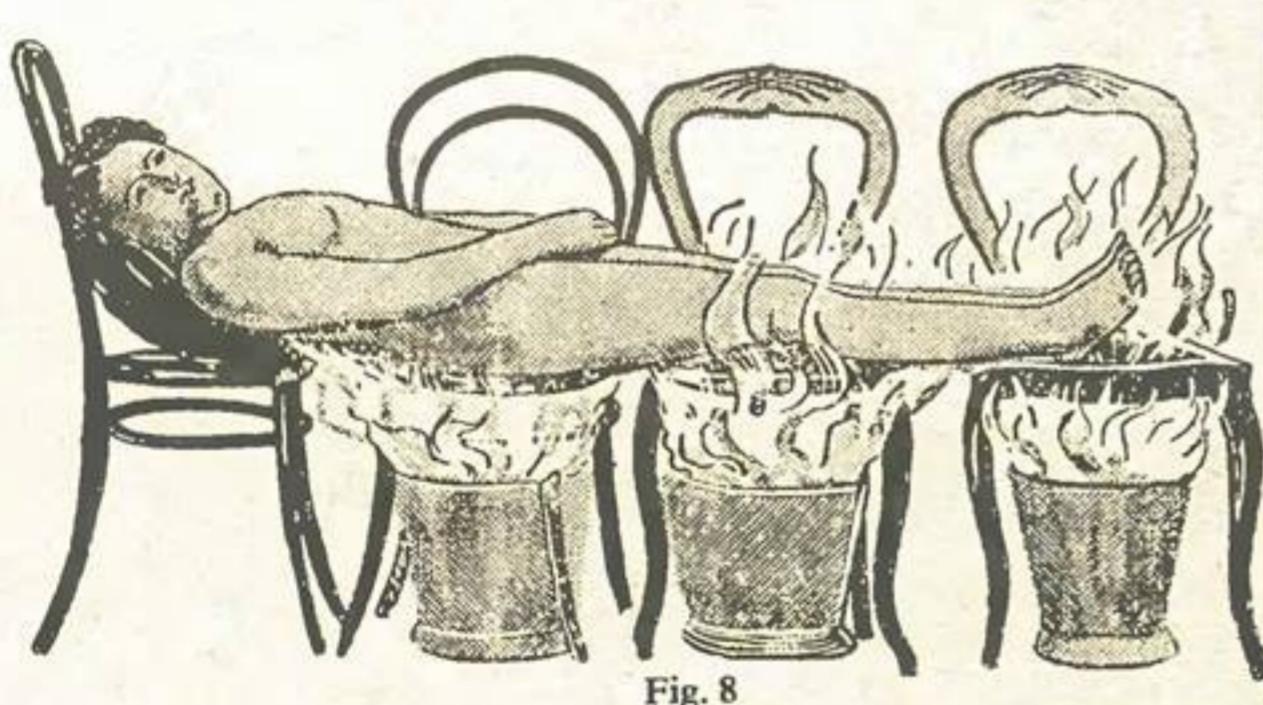
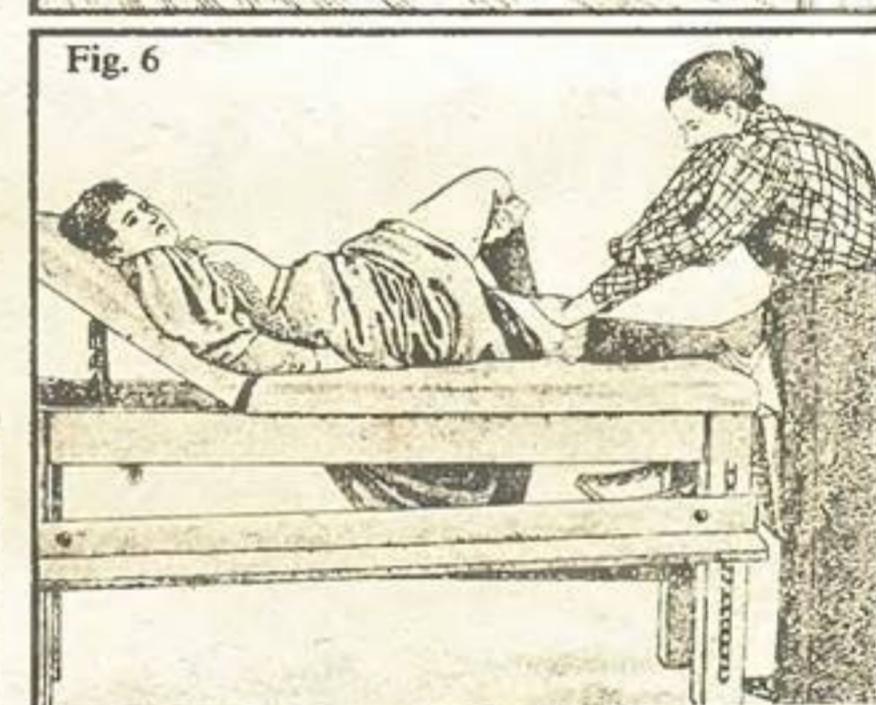
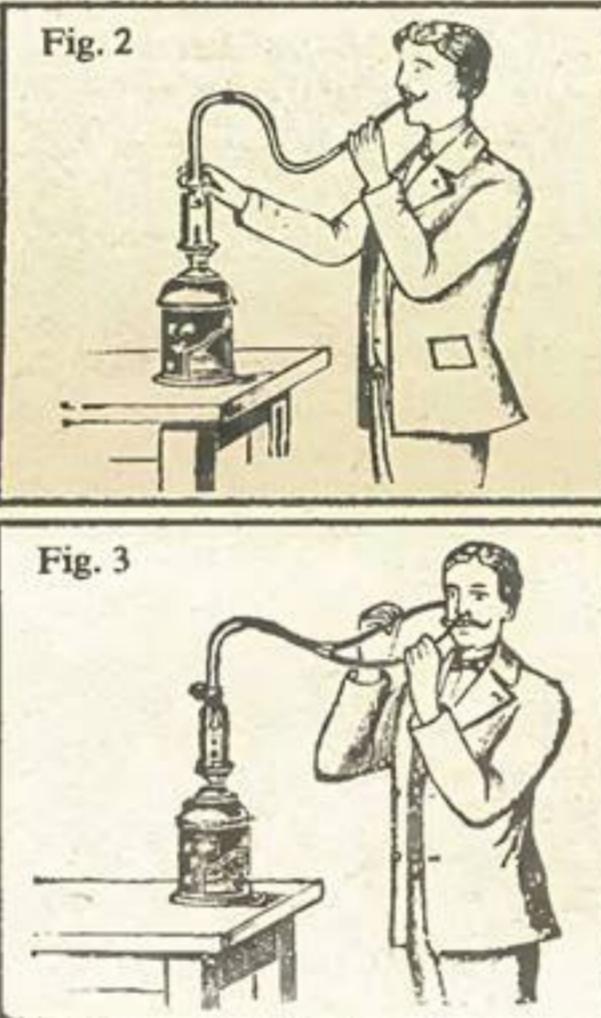
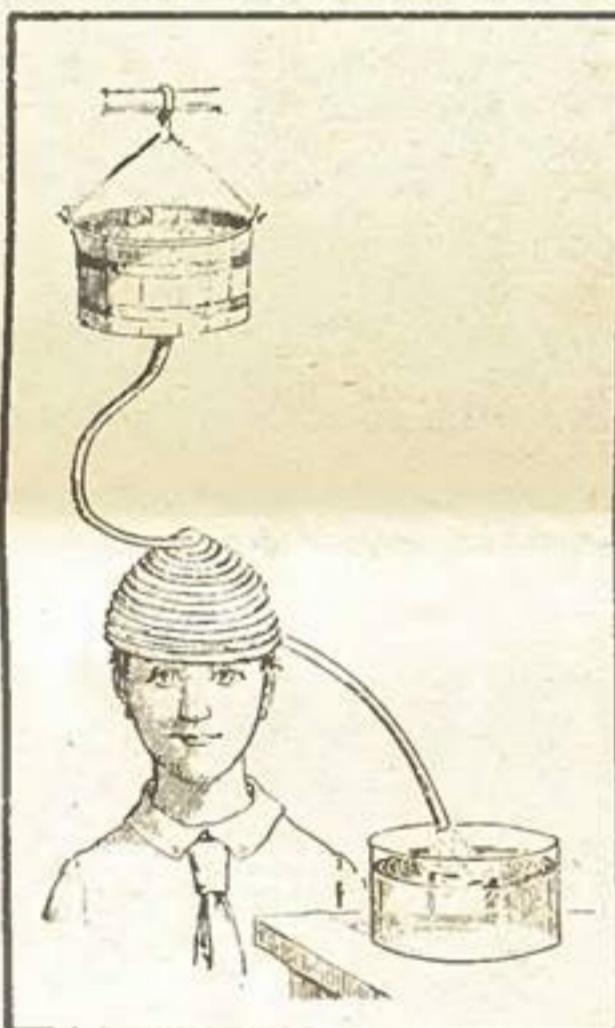
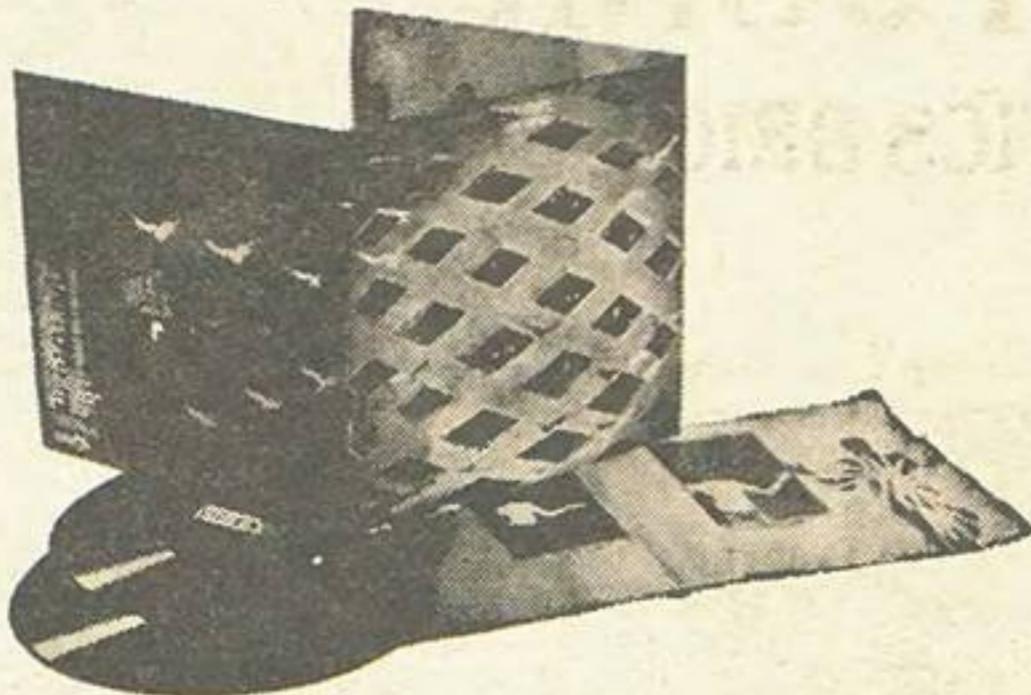


Fig. 7

The Fix: Fig. 1: Osmotic device for intra-cranium absorption of liquid Heroin (rare). Fig. 2 and 3: Ear-, nose-, and throat-adapter injection system employed principally in New York circles. Fig. 4: Pressure-blower system enjoyed by California females. Fig. 5: Osmotic palpitator with electric charge. Fig. 6: Preparatory massage before insertion of Heroin with classic hypodermic needle. Fig. 7: Electro-shock system performed with granulated opium and cocaine mixture.



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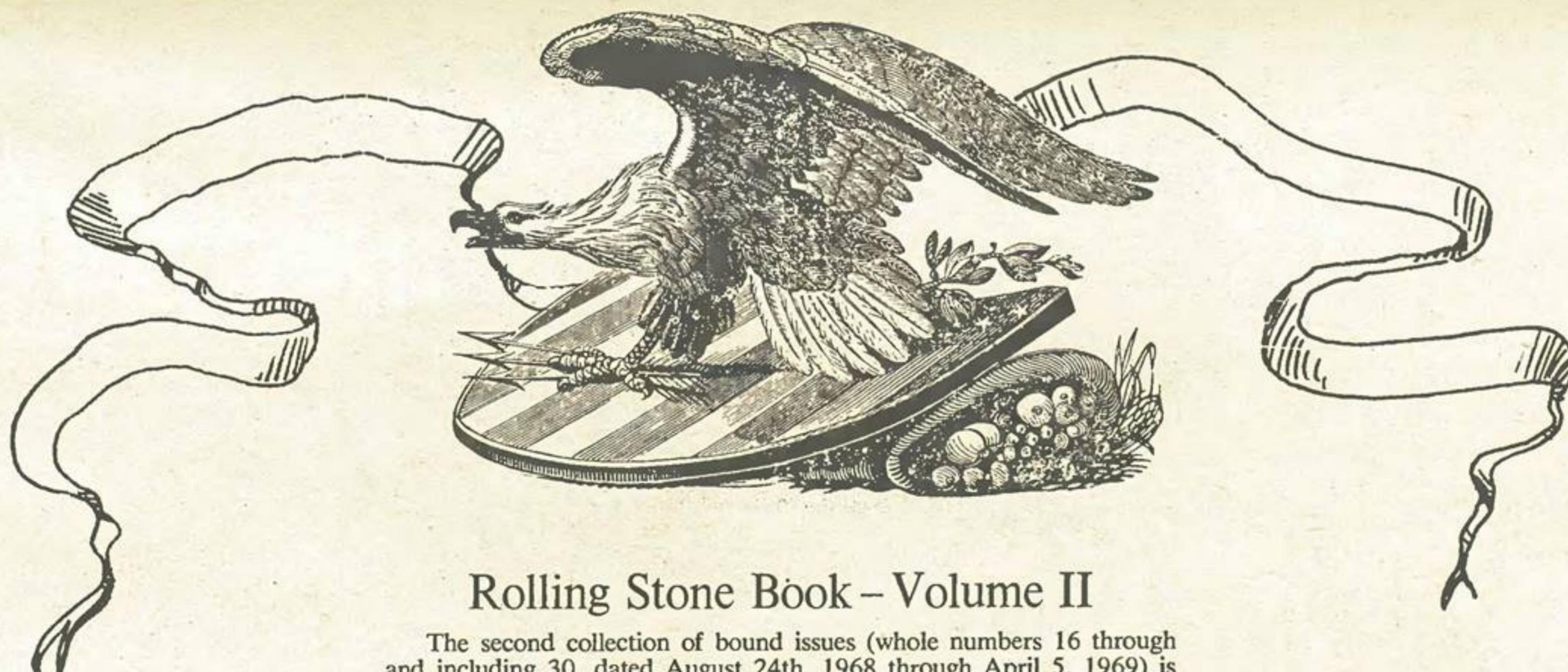
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RECORDS

BY JERRY HOPKINS

The Troubadour is a small, comfortable music club pitched near the corner of West Hollywood and Beverly Hills and it attracts a silk-and-buckskin crowd, making it one of those *class* folk clubs: funky, but Openings are Social Events. The Troubadour's owner is Doug Weston, a tall rangy man who used to dress Careless Cowpoke, but with the increasing popularity of his place he now wears mod tweed suits, giving everyone a benign smile and a throaty but friendly hello. The audience, if asked, will give you a story about what a toilet the Whisky is, but the Troubadour, well now, there's a nice place. It's a good club. There's a minimum and a cover charge, but the vibrations are warm, in part based on the tradition that comes with longevity; Joan Baez, the Byrds, Tim Buckley, Judy Collins, Arlo Guthrie and hundreds more have left something of themselves behind.

It was into this club, in March, that one of the big recording artists of the late Fifties took his guitar and voice.

Rick (nee Ricky) Nelson had been a star in Hollywood for nearly 20 of his 28 years, but this was his home town night club debut. Of course, he was no stranger to the medium, having played top clubs over most of the world. Nor did that experience represent everything he'd done. He'd been featured with his older brother David and his mother and father in the popular radio (then television) show, *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*. He'd recorded 17 LPs and 29 singles, nine of them gold. He'd had his own summer replacement TV show, *Malibu U*. He'd starred and been featured in a number of films.

Still, he'd never appeared in a night club in his home town and in recent years no one seemed to give a damn—if poor record sales and the lack of even a "camp" following are any criteria.

So it was important to Rick Nelson and the few in his corner when his name suddenly went up on the Troubadour bill, when he added his Oldies But Goodies voice to those of Fats Domino, Dion, Carl Perkins and a few others striding the comeback trail.

A number of those old enough to remember planned to go to his opening with their hair slicked back in pompadours, wearing white bucks and long draped jackets and pleated slacks. They chickened out, but it didn't matter. Everyone's second mom and dad (Ozzie and Harriet) were there and it didn't matter.

And Rick—little Ricky not so little—well, he did just fine. Made his mom and dad real proud, and the next few days he was what everyone in Hollywood talked about.

"Before I went into the Troubadour, I thought maybe I should change some of the words in the old songs," Rick said, "but then I got to thinking. At the time I did all those songs, I never put them down. When I did them, I really liked them. I never did a song I didn't like. In the long run it's better I didn't change the words. It's much more honest."

We were sitting in Rick's "green room," the old garage in his Hollywood Hills home that he'd turned into a booze, music and billiards room, and his record producer, John Boylan, added, "When Rick first did those songs, they were just good rock and roll, but now there might be a tendency in a song like 'Believe What You Say' to be a little embarrassed by the words."

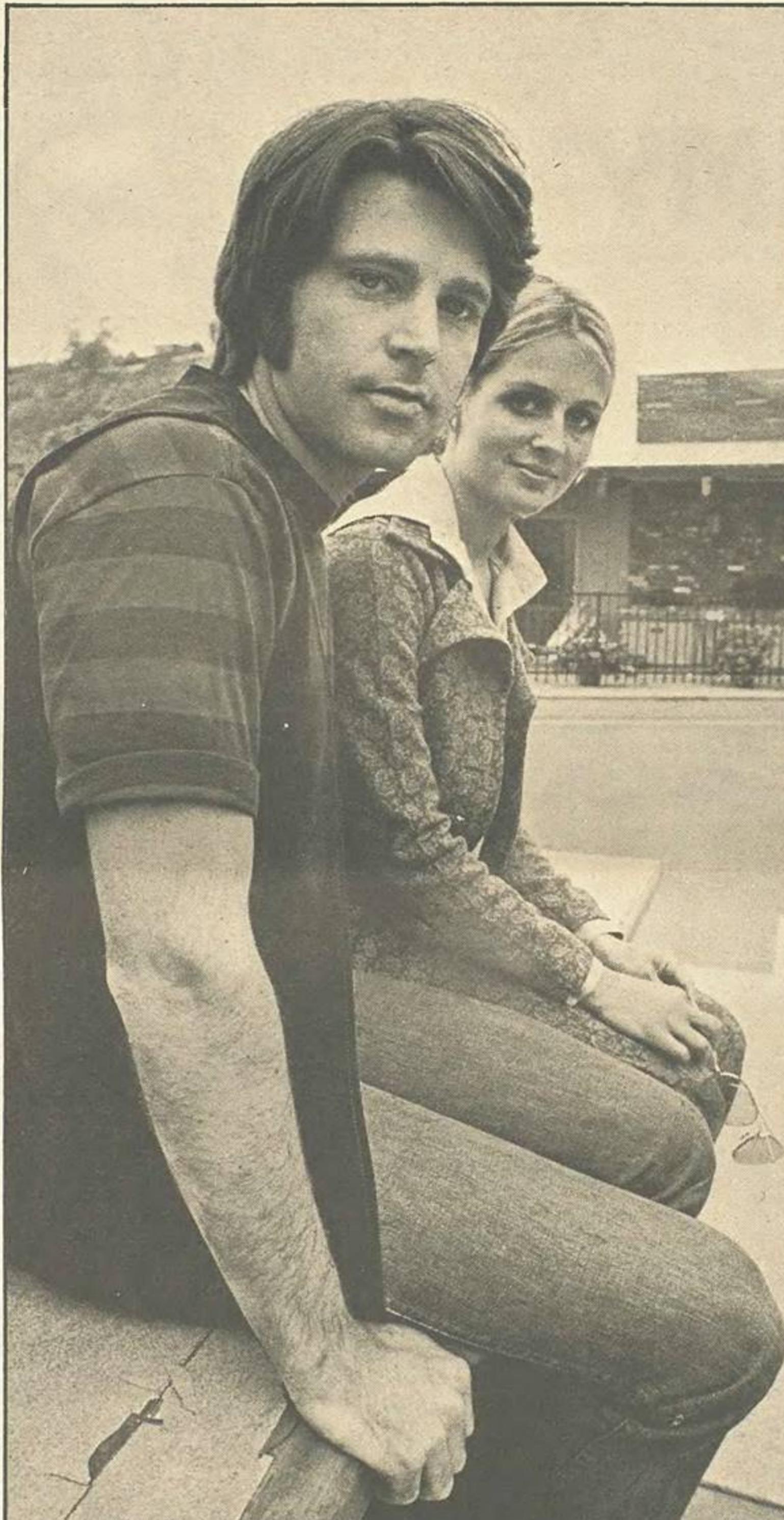
Boylan began to sing: "'Believe what you say/When you say you're going steady/With nobody else but me.'

"Going steady! Wow. 1960, right? But actually people just get a big warm smile on their face when they hear these words."

"Yeah," Rick said, "actually I'm glad I didn't change the words."

* * *

Eric Hilliard Nelson says "yeah." You expect him to say "yeah." It's like when he was two decades younger and part of the Nelson family TV show, when his



BARON WOLMAN

trademarks were a duck-tailed flat-top, an infectious grin and a cock-sure "I don't mess around, boy!"

Rick Nelson has changed, but not that much.

Rick's father met Rick's mother in 1932 (Ozzie was a bandleader and Harriet was his first regular girl singer) and in 1936 David was born, in 1940, Rick. *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet* began on the radio in 1944, the two Nelson boys joined the family cast a few years later, and in 1952 made the transition to video. Five years after that, in 1957, Rick became a rock and roll star.

Rick's mother remembered her youngest son's early singing days in an article she wrote for Look in 1958: "Ricky's singing career began last year when he did an Elvis Presley imitation on our show. He had been singing around home ever since he was a little boy, but we hadn't paid much attention to it. Ozzie decided Ricky was good enough to introduce as a singer in an episode."

Rick also credits Elvis with his start, although he says Carl Perkins and John-

ny Cash are bigger influences. He said he was 16 when it happened, when he was driving over Laurel Canyon, taking his date home and a Presley record came on the radio and the girl said she thought Elvis was the smoothest ever, and Rick said back: "Well he's not so much; I'm making a record, too."

"It was a complete lie I told her," Rick says now. "But once I'd said I was making a record, I had to do it. So I went to my dad and said I wanted to make a record. I said the only song I knew was 'I'm Walkin'.'

That song, a Fats Domino hit of a year earlier, was recorded by Rick on the show's sound stage. The master was then sold to Verve in what became a one-record deal. Then Rick went with Imperial, a young record company whose major reason for existence was—coincidentally—Fats Domino. "I'm Walkin'" sold more than a million copies (in a week, Rick says) on Verve, and on Imperial Ricky Nelson cut several other million sellers—"My Bucket's Got a Hole in It," "Be-Bop Baby," "Stood Up," "Poor Little Fool," "Lonesome Town,"

"Never Be Anyone Else But You," "Sweeter Than You" and "Travelin' Man."

All these songs were introduced on the Nelson family show—at the end of each half-hour comedy episode and sometimes in the tenuous plot. Great exposure, Rick admits today, remembering the 18-million that Newsweek said were watching each week. This huge audience also helped account for Rick's record-breaking performances at such diverse locations as the Atlantic City Steel Pier in New Jersey and the Manila Stadium in the Philippines.

Nor were music and acting the only fields in which the young Nelson was succeeding. At 15 he was ranked No. 5 in California by the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association, and with his brother Dave he formed a professional trapeze act—Rick flying, Dave catching—that was booked into circuses in Los Angeles, San Diego and Honolulu.

It was about the same time he married Kris Harmon, daughter of a former All American football player (and a sportscaster) and movie starlet Elyse Knox, that Rick began to step away from the musical limelight. (They now have twin boys, Gunnar and Matthew, 18 months, and a daughter, Tracy, five.)

He continued appearing on the family show, with Kris (an accomplished dancer) joining him in 1963, and even made a couple of features—*Rio Bravo*, playing John Wayne's naive sidekick, and *Love and Kisses*, a quickie made with his wife co-starring, his father directing. He also continued to appear in the big night clubs.

But the hits stopped, concurrent with his leaving Imperial and signing with Decca for 20 years! (That was seven years ago; only 13 to go!)

"Why 20 years?" John Boylan says. "You can sum it up in two words—the most bread. Other labels made offers, Columbia and so on, but Decca just offered the most. That's Decca's policy: Shell out a lot of money, get a lot of well-known acts and take a percentage. They're okay with the money, but, boy, they just don't know about merchandising."

Rick is gentler in his appraisal. He'll listen to someone else slam his company and merely shake his head and say "yeah," then give you a look that says: I don't understand.

(Above all else, Rick Nelson is polite—like a well-reared child in a room full of elders.)

Not that Decca can be faulted totally. "I was getting stale," Rick said of his early career. "It was the same thing over and over again. Then I tried a couple of things—big orchestras and things like that and it got complicated. Then I tried a couple of Randy Newman songs with just piano. It's just a process of going through things. I think I was trying to go through what pop music was going through. It didn't sound like me."

"Well . . . I always sound like me, but it didn't sound like my thing. Like I was doing a Randy Newman song like Randy Newman instead of making it my song first. Now that doesn't seem to happen. If Randy heard me do 'I Think It's Going to Rain Today,' he wouldn't recognize it. Now it's sort of my thing."

Boylan, an ingratiating young writer-producer formerly with the Koppelman-Rubin music factory in New York, chimed in: "People ultimately reject a hyper-sophistication of their own vulgar art forms, I think—to be real pedantic about it. And it's just coming around again. It's back to good old rock and roll."

"They're saying maybe that wasn't as bad as they thought it was," Rick said.

Rick Nelson's voice never was as bad as people thought (or said) it was. It's never going to run Sinatra's into a ditch, but the style and tone is pleasing, relaxed. Much of the early criticism, in fact, was hooked not to Rick's voice but to the musicians he had backing him up—Ricky Frost on drums, Joe Osborne



(and later Glen Campbell) on bass, James Burton on guitar; Rick was deemed pale by comparison.

Boylan comes to Rick's defense: "Dave Guard once said about his group, the Whiskeyhill Singers, 'I like to have a group so good I have to hustle every minute to be the leader, just to keep my job.' Maybe that's been Rick's philosophy."

Boylan also feels Rick has an accomplished voice. "In the past five years he has gotten so mellow and he has such a mature, professional approach to what he does, there's just no way you can say he has a peer among his contemporaries. I think he's twice the singer of, say, Bobby Darin. He's certainly better than Dion. He buries, of course, the south Philadelphia people, the Fabians and Frankie Avalons. You might say his original approach was bubble gum, but you can't now. He plays natural music. There's no bullshit about it. He gets behind what he does and he's completely honest."

"The other thing is . . . it's real hard to define, but he gets it on . . . he does . . . there's a general excitement involved because of the man's demeanor. His past is there with him all the time. When he was at the Troubadour and sang 'Hello Mary Lou,' people said oh wow, it's 'Mary Lou' oh wow! A month later in the same club when Dion did 'I'm a Wanderer,' he threw it away. It wasn't the same. It was as if he was ashamed of it. Dion is doing a good thing, but I'm sorry he was dishonest to his past; I'm sorry he invalidated it all."

"Rick doesn't want to do that, because he believes it. He plays natural rock and roll . . . honest music. He cares about it and he cares about the people

he's singing to. He doesn't care about out-hipping the next cat."

* * *

Rick Nelson has a new band today—Randy Meisner from Pogo playing bass and singing harmony, Pat Shanahan on drums, Allen Kent on guitar. And Buddy Emmons, who practically invented the steel guitar, provides an additional country sound periodically; the other three are on the Nelson payroll.

He rehearses this band four or five days a week (in a building in Burbank that is owned by his parents) and usually records in the evenings, in the new studio on the Universal (which owns Decca) lot or at Western Recorders in Hollywood.

His wardrobe in the sessions is what it usually is—square-toed Italian boots, faded and belled denim pants and a striped pullover, or a sport shirt with a vest of pinto pony hide.

He's a handsome, tall, well-muscled

man, with lots of hair chopped just short of the earlobes, bright blue eyes and good teeth. It is almost as if he were an actor pretending to be a musician, except that when he holds his guitar, it is as if he is saying: This is my guitar, my friend.

When recording, he pushes his chin forward slightly, closes his eyes and bounces slightly on his heels, perhaps stopping to tentatively correct a minor fluff, then starting again. Listening to a playback, he sips coffee nervously and smokes menthol cigarettes, sometimes lighting one from the other.

He always seems anxious to please. "I never was so happy as I was at the Troubadour," he said. "Last year I played a lot of, like, night club night clubs. I better not mention any names. Kind of greasy clubs, you know, with Mabel spilling the drink down Fred's pants. I'll mention just one. I guess that's alright. The Latin Quarter."

"It just wasn't right. I didn't feel comfortable at all. And then I played a place called the Cellar Door in Washington and it's very much like the Troubadour. It was like opening up the window. It was performing for people who came there specifically to see you, not just to see the club. The sound's better. Everything's better. It's a happy feeling. That gave us the idea for the Troubadour, so we called."

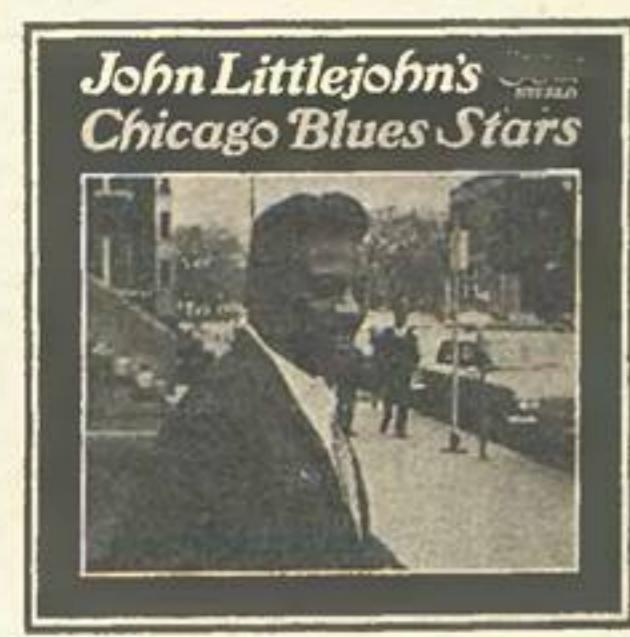
In the fall Rick Nelson will sweep through several clubs like the Troubadour—the Cellar Door in Washington again, the Main Point in Bryn Mawr (Philadelphia), Boston's Unicorn, the Bitter End in New York, and so on. "Sure it represents a cut in income," he says. "I like money, but I like music best."

A new Rick Nelson film will be shown about the same time. It's called *The Over-the-Hill Gang* and has Rick (who is married in the flick to Kris) portraying a crusading mayor in a western town. Trouble is, Kris's daddy, a retired and aged Texas Ranger played by Walter Brennan, figures his son-in-law can't handle all the evil alone, so he calls on all his buddies, a pack of near-senile duffers played by Pat O'Brien, Chill Wills, Edgar Buchanan and Andy Devine. It's a comedy, to be shown on ABC.

Before that there's a single to get out, the first in eight months. One side of the single is "Promises," a song that Rick wrote. It's a rock song.

"Rock and roll lives!" John Boylan said in the studio during the dub-down session.

Rick smiled and said yes, he hoped so.



John Littlejohn's Chicago Blues Stars
(Arhoolie 1043)

The powerful slide guitar style that the late Elmore James developed from aspects of the music of the earlier Mississippi Delta bluesman Robert Johnson has come to be one of the most influential and durable of all postwar blues approaches. Leaving aside the thorny question of just how greatly indebted James was to Johnson, it is to be admitted that Elmore brought the style to great levels of force, paring down Johnson's more subtle and complex approach to one of emphatic drive and raw power, one which was perfectly adapted to the electric instruments of the postwar years. Beyond this, Elmore was a singer of considerable strength and individuality, qualities that meshed beautifully with the instrumental approach. Almost from the start of his recording career in 1949 he was a huge success among R&B audiences, and his popularity continues to this day (he died in Chicago in May, 1963). Whole performing careers have been built on more or less successful imitations of the approach with which he has been identified—among them Hound Dog Taylor, J. B. Hutto, Elmore's cousin Homesick James Williamson, and others—and virtually every modern blues musician, black and white alike, since his time has turned his hand to slide work ala Elmore.

Just about every one of these attempts has focussed on the early aspects of Elmore's music—as represented by, say, his best-known performance vehicle, "Dust My Broom Blues," which he recorded a number of times during his recording career and which he had, in turn, almost slavishly copied from Johnson. By the end of his career, however, Elmore had extended that basic approach into a much arresting, individualized one—more modern, suave, perhaps even sophisticated, one which bore his own stamp but which was no less forceful or intense. It was actually much more finely focussed. This aspect of Elmore's music has been too little investigated by other bluesmen, doubly saddening because it's potentially much more rewarding than the earlier, more obvious style.

Now, of a sudden, all that is changed with the appearance of this surprising album. John Littlejohn (Funchess is his actual surname) is no stranger to dedicated blues collectors, and he's had a few singles out in the last couple of years. They've been undistinguished efforts, however, and little prepared us for the strong, meaty music on his first LP for Chris Strachwitz' enterprising Arhoolie label and which is an unpretentious success in every respect.

As this album reveals, Littlejohn is an Elmore man through and through but, even more significant, he has chosen to use the later Elmore approach as a point of departure, making his music much more subtle and musically satisfying than a concentration on the earlier style would have permitted. (In this connection, the album's one foray into this earlier style, "Shake Your Money Maker," despite its obvious power, is the least interesting of the Elmore-patterned pieces). He's a consummate slide player, perhaps the best and cleanest around, and there are numerous demonstrations of his skill in the technique shot through the set. "Slidin' Home" is, as the title suggests, one of these, as is "Dream" (easily the best performance on the album), and both contain some of the most insinuating, rhythmically resilient and inventive slide playing to be heard on record currently—nothing flashy, mind you, but thoroughly assured and controlled.

While the main focus is on the Elmore idiom(s), there are tasty demonstrations of his abilities in other stylistic areas as well. His version of "Catfish

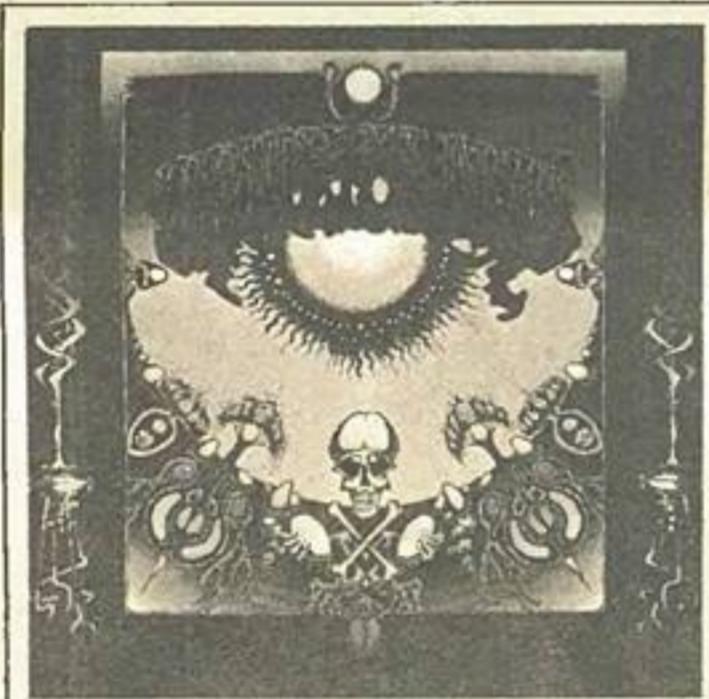
Blues" is a strong, vigorous evocation of the basic Mississippi approach, as is "What in the World You Goin' to Do"; he invests Brook Benton's "Kiddeo" with real power and conviction; "Been Around the World" is a fine Chicago mainstream reading of Jimmy Rogers' "If It Ain't Me," and "Treat Me Wrong" is a simple treatment of more or less conventional modern lead guitar approach, kind of a less ambitious B. B. King, in fact.

I must point out that Littlejohn is no great original stylist; he is a fine traditional performer whose approach to modern blues has largely been shaped by his obvious adulation of James. He performs in the idiom with ease, naturalness and conviction, the result of long familiarity and practice, but he scarcely brings anything approaching originality or innovation to the music. His singing is almost wholly patterned on that of Elmore but he offers a more subdued, less exciting version of the latter's intense crying style. The positive aspect of all of this is that Littlejohn knows his limitations and has worked out an ingratiating approach within them. The album succeeds largely because of its realistic, unambitious goals.

Littlejohn and his rhythm section are augmented by a pair of tenor saxophones whose function is lay down an unobtrusive harmonic cushion. This has the result of filling out the sound without making things too busy. The only failures occur on the instrumental "Slidin' Home," where the horn parts are a bit strident, and on "Shake Your Money Maker," on which no really satisfactory part was worked out for them (they just get in the way) and on which their intonation is very shaky as well.

Credit is due producers Chris Strachwitz and Willie Dixon for a wholly pleasant, relaxed set of modern Chicago blues that is both strongly traditional and contemporary in feeling. It marks an auspicious debut for Littlejohn.

PETE WELDING



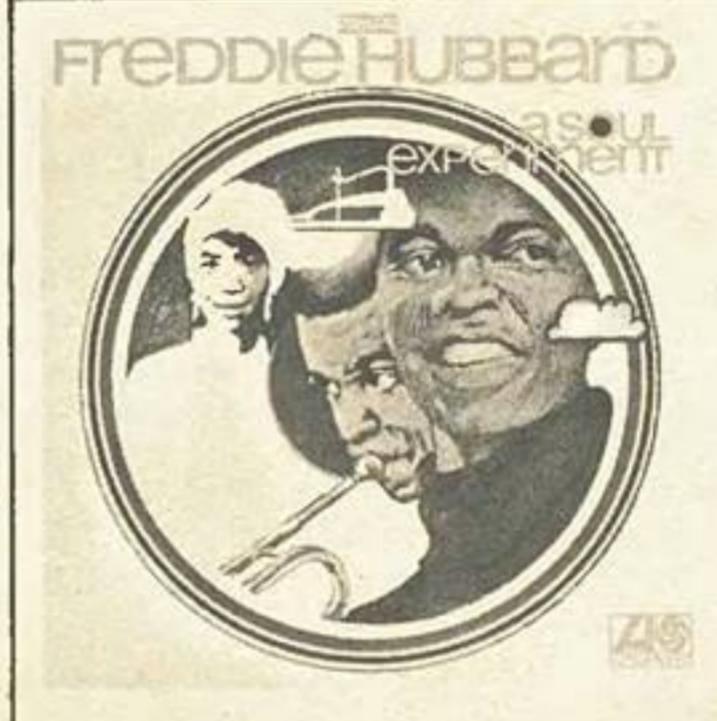
Aoxomoxoa, the Grateful Dead (Warner Bros. WS 1790).

The Grateful Dead is two bands: the band when Pigpen is singing and the band when he isn't. Pigpen sings in a recognizable musical form, the harshness and seediness of which is not fundamental to the Dead. The music behind him and all around him is so tasty (as in "Love Light" where the rhythmic structuring builds in unimaginable waves to melodic insensibility), so rich with quivering energy that Pigpen can almost always be overcome. Pigpen "fits" because the Dead choose to embody a generosity of spirit that won't tolerate throwing him out. But the band is more magical because unnameable, less definable, without him.

Aoxomoxoa is the work of the magical band. Can you hear this music and not see them before your eyes? The music is so much the reality of their physical and spiritual bodies that seeing them is the wonder of seeing music. Phil Lesh's intensity and total dispatch driving his bass surpassingly, threading solidly, commanding, laying line over line over line into the expanding spectrum of physical sounds that they are illuminating. Bob Weir, the rhythm guitarist and sometime vocalist sounds better every night, looks healthy, is pleasing and unpolished enough to charm you, to put out the extra push of directness that makes you feel welcomed. Mickey Hart, the jubilant percussionist and his partner Bill, less rollicking but cheerful—both dynamic, resonant drummers. Tom Constanten, the keyboard man coming into his own with vibrant riffing and subtly chiming embellishments. And out front of these perfectly interweaving, very together people is Jerry Garcia's luminous guitar stroking.

The singing is mostly Jerry—a dominant and exquisite person emanating serene unconsciousness and tenderness.

Trembling, sensual, whimsical tenderness. Jerry is beautiful; not too serious, not too sweet, not too angelic, but not ordinary, not surrendered to a style. Jerry's voice is emotional and musical in the same non-verbal way that flesh is tender and loving real. If you can feel, he can reach you. The gentle choir, the dancing mountain harpsichord, the mystical aura of another consciousness—reflections of rain and sand and sitting mellow in warm sunlight smiling. Elemental and celebratory and they don't need to fool you because they aren't fooling themselves, they don't need to. No other music sustains a life style so delicate and loving and lifelike. ADELE NOVELLI



Memphis Underground, Herbie Mann (Atlantic SD 1522)

A Soul Experiment, Freddie Hubbard (Atlantic SD 1526)

Recent attempts to synthesize the mainstreams of jazz and rock have produced a peculiar collection of paste jobs, unmitigated disasters and a scant few successes. To the delight of a naive public, rock groups like Blood, Sweat and Tears have unearthed stale twenty-year-old Stan Kenton licks and now herald them as wonderful innovations. At the same time jazz players like Albert Ayler have gone scampering about hiring rock musicians for spectacularly packaged but entirely unconvincing "experimental" albums. The release of two recordings—Herbie Mann's *Memphis Underground* (a solid success) and Freddie Hubbard's *Soul Experiment* (a wretched failure)—gives us a chance to think about the current status of the Rock plus Jazz formula.

Memphis Underground is a piece of musical alchemy, a marvelously intricate combination of the "Memphis sound" and jazz lyricism. Herbie Mann took to Tennessee his regular band of fine young musicians—Sonny Sharrock (guitar), Roy Ayers (vibes) and Miroslav Vitous (Fender bass). To this he added an incredibly cohesive group of Memphis studio musicians and the best of the jazz-rock lead guitarists, Larry Coryell. The mixture worked.

The most interesting cut on the album is "Hold On, I'm Comin'." For those jazz listeners who used to thrive on improvised solos backed up by a driving riff, this will prove a revelation. It turns out that the Sam and Dave riff is a perfect vehicle for all sorts of improvised lines.

Mann starts out the action with an intense investigation which is both pleasing and entirely faithful to the original meaning of the song. He is followed in solo by Larry Coryell who revives the art of "quoting" (playing bits of other people's work) by lecturing chapter and verse from the Book of Clapton ("Strange Brew," to be exact). Next up is vibist Roy Ayers who makes a series of statements which sound much like a fine spiced wine taste. The song ends with a reeling solo by Sonny Sharrock which completes the excitement that has been building throughout the performance.

In "Hold On, I'm Comin'" as well as "Memphis Underground" and "Chain of Fools," the rhythm section swings with astounding self assurance. This is the key to the record's success. For with a solid rhythmic background the soloists are able to speak to each other in combinations of rock and jazz phrasing—the first time I ever heard this done in a way which sounded natural. When I talked to Mann about this aspect of his record he explained that his primary task on the date was to make it clear to the "Memphis rhythm section" that his New York jazz musicians were not there to flaunt any mistaken "superiority." "We had come to play with them and it was a privilege to do so." (It is interesting to note that in order to bring this off Mann found it necessary to leave his regular drummer at home and to keep bassist Vitous out of the picture until the last day of the session.)

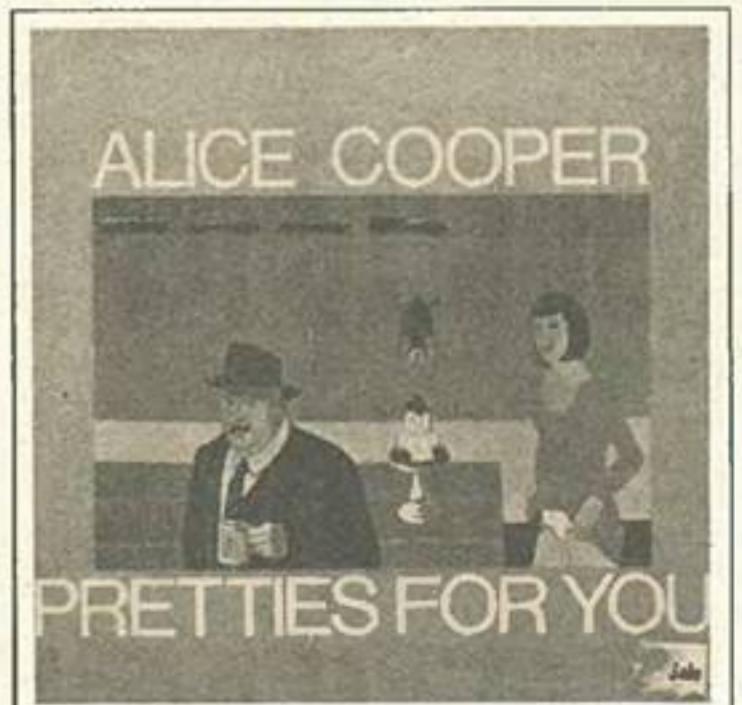
The Freddie Hubbard album is based on roughly the same recipe—one part jazz, one part rock: cook under a low flame until done. Unfortunately, the philosopher's stone is missing and the magical blend is never found. It doesn't make it.

A better title for the album would have been *Soul Obsession* or, perhaps, *Soulsploitation*. What Freddie has done is to bring together a random collection of jazz, rock and soul players with little affinity for each other. They are unified only by an incredibly heavy and rasping "soul" beat and a collection of nowhere tunes—"Lonely Soul," "Midnight Soul," "Soul Turn Around" and well, you name it. Whereas in *Memphis Underground* the integrity of the jazz and rock styles is carefully preserved, *A Soul Experiment* sacrifices both of them to a dream of speedy profits. "Run this up the flagpole, Ed, and see if they Boogaloo to it!"

The only saving virtue of the album, but one which justifies buying it, is the playing of Hubbard himself. The broad and expansive tones of Hubbard's trumpet and his exceptional gift for interpreting the blues indicate that in a different setting he could well become the soul trumpet of this generation. But along with a fruitless combination of personnel Hubbard's mistake here is his reliance on songs which are actually hack leftovers from the hard bop era. Add a soul beat to them and they end up sounding like the Turtles' songbook. Bah-Bop-Bop-Bop-Bop-Baaaaaa. Why couldn't Hubbard have followed Mann's lead and taken some of the fine riffs from the Four Tops, Aretha or Sam and Dove?

The point is, I suppose, that jazz and rock musicians can work together effectively but only if they achieve a delicate balance. The rhythm section must integrate their differing styles, the arrangements must be appealing and the musicians must somehow achieve a spiritual harmony. Mann found this balance and ought to be listened to. Freddie Hubbard set out to do the same but in the process lost exactly what he thought he would find—his "soul."

LANGDON WINNER



Pretties For You, Alice Cooper (Straight Records STS 1061).

Alice Cooper is a West Coast Zappa-sponsored group: two guitars, bass, drums and a vocalist who doubles on harmonica. Echoes of 1967 psychedelia in the oscillators and distorted guitars. Showing here the influence of the Mothers, here the first-wave San Francisco sound, there and almost everywhere the Beatles. But their overall texture and the flow of randomly-selected runs interspersed by electronic gimmicks place them closer to a certain rivulet in that deluge of pre-packaged groups which can be defined as marginal acidrock (references: recent debut albums by Aorta and Touch). Droning fuzz leads overlaid by

droning (or is it whining?) Bee Gees vocal harmonies, and ponderous quasi-“baroque” organ wallowings *a la* Vanilla Fudge. Stereotyped guitar solos, a great many of which seem to derive directly (and not surprisingly) from Ray Davies’ great fuzztone explosions on early Kinks hits like “You Really Got Me” and “All Day and All of the Night.” Apocalyptic raveups patented by the Yardbirds. Spoken “poetry” or “trippy” declamations muttered half-comprehensibly over “atonal” guitar gimmicks (dragging the pick across the strings below the bridge, etc.).

I’m not trying to denigrate Alice Cooper’s abilities: within the context of their self-imposed limitations, the album is listenable. But there is a way to do these things. I think simplicity and the imaginative use of the cliché are at the essence of rock; but the clichés have to hit you in a certain way, with a certain conviction and energy and timing, to get it on, to spark that certain internal combustion of good feeling and galvanized energies that lifts you out of your seat irresistibly and starts you dancing, balling, just whooping, or whatever—Black Pearl is the most stunning recent realization of this. And it is this that is lacking in Alice Cooper’s music. Everything falls where it should, there are none of the gross, ugly, idiotic juxtapositions of the totally incongruous found in much other studio-assembled art-rock. But neither is there any hint of life, spontaneity, joy, rage, or any kind of authentic passion or conviction. As such, Alice Cooper’s music is, for this reviewer at any rate, totally dispensable.

LESTER BANGS

The rest I’ll leave for the listener’s own delighted discovery. Suffice to say that this is an album that you’ll come back to again and again, and that the Youngbloods are three non-bullshit musical workmen with a genuine feeling for the textures of life and sound. May they have a long life together. LESTER BANGS



Howard Tate (Verve V6-5072)

Please pick up on Howard Tate now. He’s from Philadelphia and only in his mid-twenties, and he already has a mature control to his voice, totally interesting inflections with the lyrics, and a really inspired emotional quality you don’t find very often in young blues singers. All of these qualities are going at once, and, moreover, he collaborates with Jerry Ragovoy, one of the most interesting composer-producers I know of, eccentric and tasty. This album was released once before with a subdued jacket design, less a great single, “Stop,” the same tune as the “Stop” on the first Super-Session LP.

The best thing about popular R&B is its natural understanding of harmony, without pretension. Vocals are the focus, rather than instrumental virtuosity. Arrangements generally have a greater musical totality, and that’s always refreshing after hearing groups with definite limitations who continually underestimate them.

Ragovoy mixes and directs like a real composer. His style is probably influenced by the syncopation and sometime dexterity you used to get from Detroit (Stevie Wonder!) and the polish that used to be the LA tradition. Occasionally dull, never vulgar. That’s too bad, dullness, and vulgarity can often be great, but when the song is right, as Tate almost always is every syllable, the results are fantastic and brilliant. Ragovoy arranges five songs on the album, Artie Butler four, Garry Sherman two, and Richard Tee one, but the sound is consistent, and that must be Ragovoy. The outstanding songs have a sense of structure that at once is classical and makes infinite sense as popular music. They have introductions, retreats and climaxes, and they last just the right amount of time.

Tate understands. He’s sensitive to the changes the songs go through, and works with and sometimes against the same. There are several “standard” blues songs, as good as any being done today, but the lesser demand might obscure for you Tate’s great abilities. You just have to listen to Tate over and over to get really close to him.

“Stop” was out in early ‘68; the lyrics are great, and Garry Sherman arranges the music. “Tell me, baby, what you’re made of? Ahhhh, what you do to me must be made of love.” Tate really runs out the gaps with his falsetto, a truly pure fine voice. “Get It While You Can” is an inspirational reminiscent of Sam Cooke. It builds from soft pleading to a driving intensity and then Tate says, “Let me tell you a little bit about mah-self.”

“Ain’t Nobody Home” was a regional hit on the East Coast in 1966 and I’d never heard anything like it before. Bouncy syncopation and then it suddenly stops and Tate and a beautiful organ do a quick dialogue, and then it’s off again. “Glad I Knew Better” is a song about a man who “knew his own mind.” The horns and drums begin each section of the song and the tension between their separate timings is plain successful. Tate brags beautifully, soft, breathy inflections.

Rock and roll was always a vocal vehicle. Jagger and Dylan, to name two of the most influential voices in the history, went through changes from album to album. Tate seems to have assimilated and trained his own true voice, and I commend him, for his ability, and to your immediate attention for the same.

JOHN GODFREY



A Short History Of Religion In California

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

There’s only one way to get into it: we saw the deer in the meadow. The deer turned in a slow circle and then broke the circle and went toward some trees.

There were three deer in the meadow and we were three people. I, a friend and my daughter 3 1/2 years old. “See the deer,” I said, pointing the way to the deer.

“Look the deer! There! Therel!” she said and surged against me as I held her in the front seat. A little jolt of electricity had come to her from the deer. Three little gray dams went away into the trees, celebrating a TVA of hoofs.

She talked about the deer as we drove back to our camp in Yosemite. “Those deer are really something,” she said. “I’d like to be a deer.”

When we turned into our campground there were three deer standing at the entrance, looking at us. They were the same three deer or they were three different ones.

“Look the deer!” and the same electrical surge against me, enough perhaps to light a couple of Christmas lights or make a fan turn for a minute or toast half-a-slice of bread.

The deer followed close behind the car as we drove at deer speed into the camp. When we got out of the car, the deer were there. My daughter took out after them. Wow! The deer!

I slowed her down. “Wait,” I said. “Let Daddy take your hand.” I didn’t want her to scare them or get hurt by them either, in case they should panic and run over her, a next to impossible thing.

We followed after the deer, a little ways behind and then stopped to watch them cross the river. The river was shallow and the deer stopped in the middle and looked in three different directions.

She stared at them, not saying anything for a while. How quiet and beautiful they looked and then she said, “Daddy, take off the deer’s head and put it on my head. Take off the deer’s feet, put them on my feet. And I’ll be the deer.”

The deer stopped looking in three different directions. They all looked in one direction toward the trees on the other side of the river and moved off into those trees.

So the next morning there was a band of Christians camping beside us because it was Sunday. There were about twenty or thirty of them seated at a long wooden table. They were singing hymns while we were taking down our tent.

My daughter watched them very carefully and then walked over to peek out at them from behind a tree as they sang on. There was a man leading them. He waved his hands in the air. Probably their minister.

My daughter watched very carefully and then moved out from behind the tree and slowly advanced until she was right behind their minister, looking up at him. He was standing out there alone and she was standing out there alone with him.

I pulled the metal tent stakes out of the ground and put them together in a neat pile, and I folded the tent and put it beside the tent stakes.

Then one of the Christian women got up from the long table and walked over to my daughter. I was watching this. She gave her a piece of cake and asked her if she wanted to sit down and listen to the singing. They were busy singing something about Jesus doing something good for them.

My daughter nodded her head and sat down on the ground. She held the piece of cake in her lap. She sat there for five minutes. She did not take a bite out of the piece of cake.

They were singing something about Mary and Joseph doing something. In the song it was winter and cold and there was straw in the barn. It smelled good.

She listened for about five minutes and then she got up, waved good-bye in the middle of *We Three Kings of Orient Are* and came back with the piece of cake.

“Well, how was that?” I said.

“Singing,” she said, pointing they are singing.

“How’s the cake?” I said.

“I don’t know,” she said and threw it on the ground. “I’ve already had breakfast.” It lay there.

I thought about the three deer and the Christmas singing. I looked at the piece of cake and to the river where the deer had been gone for a day.

The cake was very small on the ground. The water flowed over the rocks. A bird or an animal would eat the cake later on and then go down to the river for a drink of water.

A little thing came to my mind and having no other choice: it pleased me, so I hugged my arms around a tree and my cheek sailed to the sweet bark and floated there for a few gentle moments in the calm.

#121

You slide
Ray’s capo
down the neck
of the guitar
and let
your fingers
swim among
the strings/
you play tunes
like circles
by pebbles
in still water/
your voice
the shadow
of geese
flying every
letter except vee/
dipping down
every once in a while/
and up like
slippery organ notes.
I sit blinded
by the sound.

After Drinking Wine

The forest
turns all ways
just above
your knees
the sunlight
is muffled
and all words
seem far apart
the river
dies by
the turning
of your palm
upon mine.

The Sound Of a Single Flute

A tiny chipmunk
struggles off the asphalt
to die
among a wet pile
of pine nettles.
Little paws coiling
and uncoiling,
eyes blinking green,
then
a final cough
like silver paper
being crushed.

—Gary von Tersch

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BLUES HARPIST/singer with recording connections looking for group. Have orig. material. John Fox—989-6359 or PL 2-4907, New York.

CHICK LEAD blues singer, Joplin style, composes: seeks established NYC group with rec. dates and steady following, no amateurs. Sasha—MU 4-3426, NY.

DRUMMER SEEKS working group on either coast. Experienced. Michael Rogers—6724 Allott Ave., Van Nuys, Calif.

GUITARIST, 10 YEARS exp., seeks serious bassists, drummer & electric keyboards to form blues band. Serious only. Rick—453-2642, Lowell, Mass.

FEMALE ORGANIST wanted for estab. all-girl rock group now recording on major label. Must be attractive, over 18, sing. Alex or Cherryl—JU 2-1122 (9-5) New York.

FUNKY BASS looking for rock group with jazz-influenced arrangements or musicians with same ideas, must have it together. Kenny Blye—PL 7-5680, N.Y.

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EXP'D DRUMMER seeks full-time music band. Wayne—653-3819, Oakland, Calif.

GUITARIST/WRITER, also bassist & harmony, looking for same to work with and do the thing right. Spider Bo—396-5429, Medford, Mass.

GOOD BASSMAN seeks group in Boston/Cape Cod area with steady work this summer. Bill Simonds—920 Florida Ave., Pittsburgh.

SINGER/FLUTE player & bass with place to practice wanted. Serious musicians. 6246 Newlin, Whittier, Calif.

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ORGANIST NEEDED (pref. expd. on Hammond B-3) for serious progressive hardrock band, 2 gtrs./drums/vocal. Interested in orig. material, recording. GH Gabbard, c/o Mr. B. Garside, 4230 Maisonneuve Blvd. West, Apt. 3, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

ORGANIC DRUMMER seeks evolved psychic bass, guitarist, to help make healing music. Art Rosch—26 Evergreen, Mill Valley, Calif.

WANTED: FRISCO-based group dedicated to blues-rock who have not yet found their Jagger. Must be serious, daft-exempt. Lee—775-3317, San Francisco.

DRUMMER, BASS seek good lead, rhythm and/or keyboard. C&W, rock, blues. Over 18, equip., & some exp. Fred—PY 8-4954 after 7, Massapequa Park, L.I., N.Y.

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PIANO—Lucy Ann Von Lienesche, 95 Barrow, N.Y.

FEMALE ORGANIST with Vox Continental Baroque looking for working group. Rock/blues/folk. Can write, sing, have absolute pitch. Anne—982-4591, San Francisco.

FEMALE SINGER available for session work (travel weekends only.) Blues to Bach. Elinor—863-5899, San Francisco.

DRUMMER WANTED, soul preferred. Must be easy to work with, sound outasite. 851-9977, SF Bay area.

HAMMOND ORGANIST, pro, conservatory bckgrnd. Will play sessions, arrange, gig, you name it (also tympani, vibes, theremin etc.) 851-9977, Woodside, Calif.

BASS, LEAD, organ, age 15-17, to join drummer & gtr. Have equip., interest & exp. to form R&B/blues group. Glen—261-9533, 37 Demarest Rd., Paramus, N.J.

BASSIST, WANTS work in backup band, recording or established group. Expd., dependable, read or fake. Dennis—824-2942, San Francisco.

LEAD GUITARIST, 15, looking for anybody in San Diego area to jam with. Blues, rock, etc. Please help, I'm desperate. J. Underwood Storey—298-2662, 1437 Torrence St., San Diego.

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SEMIEXPERIENCED guitarist w/equip., dig blues, seeks work in blues, C&W etc. band. Gary—421-4450 ext. 211, (after 8:30) 650 Bush St., San Francisco.

LEAD SINGER wanted for improvisational blues-oriented rock group. Sam—581-5490, Chicago.

TRUMPET PLAYER, jazz/rock, some originals. Will join you or you join me. Bill—731-0741, San Francisco.

ALL GIRL rock band seeks place in S.F. to practice—326-1545, San Francisco.

DRUMMER, 21, playing 1 year, no group experience but 7 years musical background, seeks others similarly inexperienced to form group. Object: experience. Bob—566-6219, Boston.

ENGLISH DRUMMER, 19, seeks US band after bad deal in England. Backed Freddie King group on tour, album with Steamer Hammer on CBS, good kit. Appreciate all offers/suggestions. Mike Rushton, c/o AMP Ltd., 46 Curzon St., London W.1, England.

WANTED: EXP'D road manager. 567-9170, San Francisco.

WANTED: STEEL string acoustic picker who reads to rehearse good music with same. Very hard work, maybe some gigging later. Jim—647-7952, 537 28th St., San Francisco.

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SONGWRITERS: We are looking for songs to publish and record. Send demos or tapes to: Ron Sawyer, R.D.M. Records, Suite 403, 6290 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90028.

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SINGER/GUITARIST/song writer, wants to make it to beat the draft. Harv Tawney—356-5059, 5303 Cottage, K.C. Mo.

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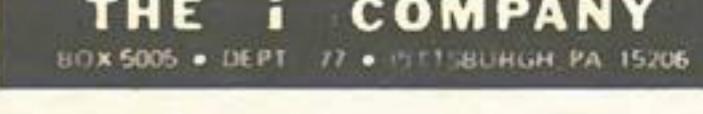
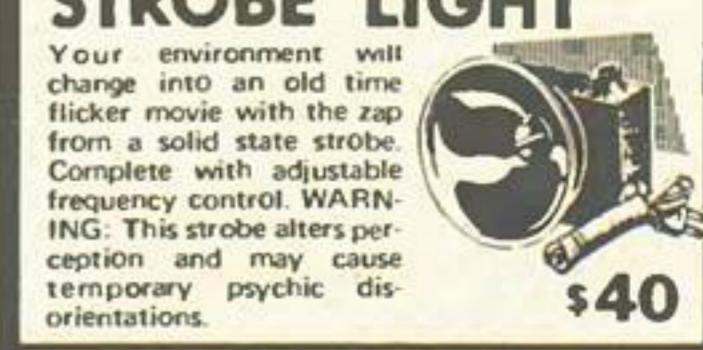
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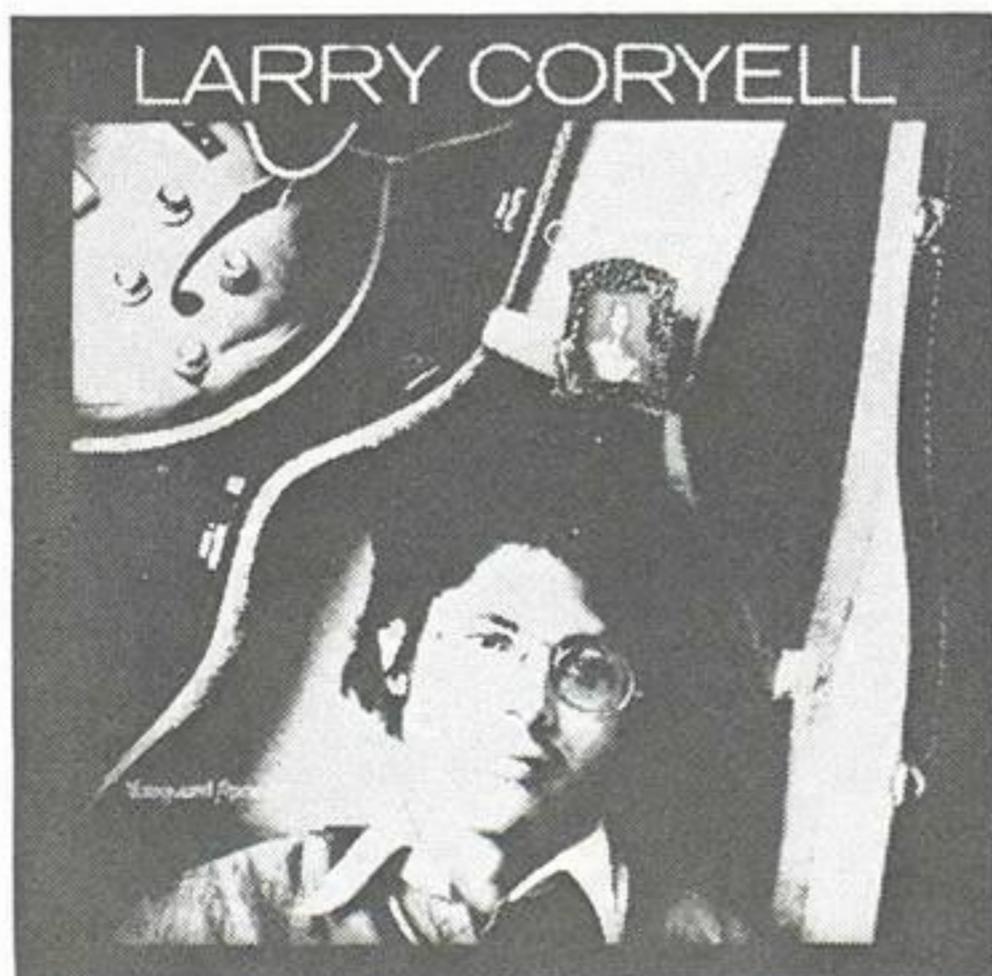
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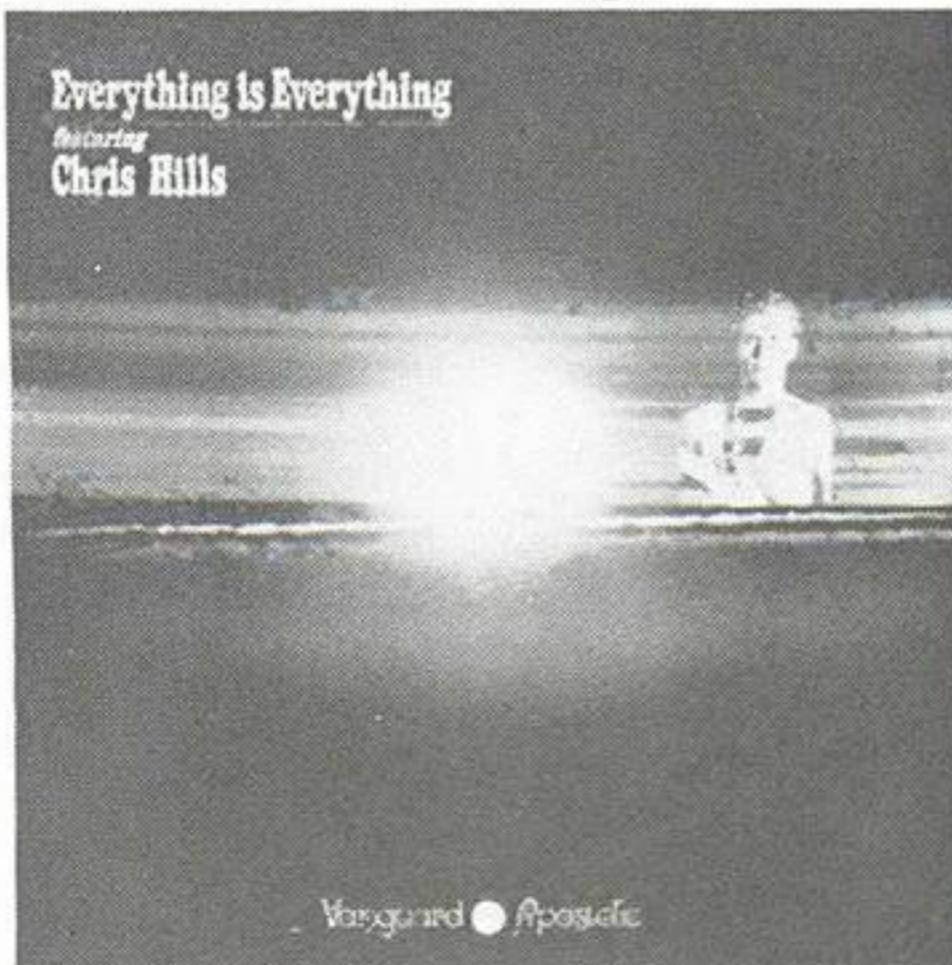


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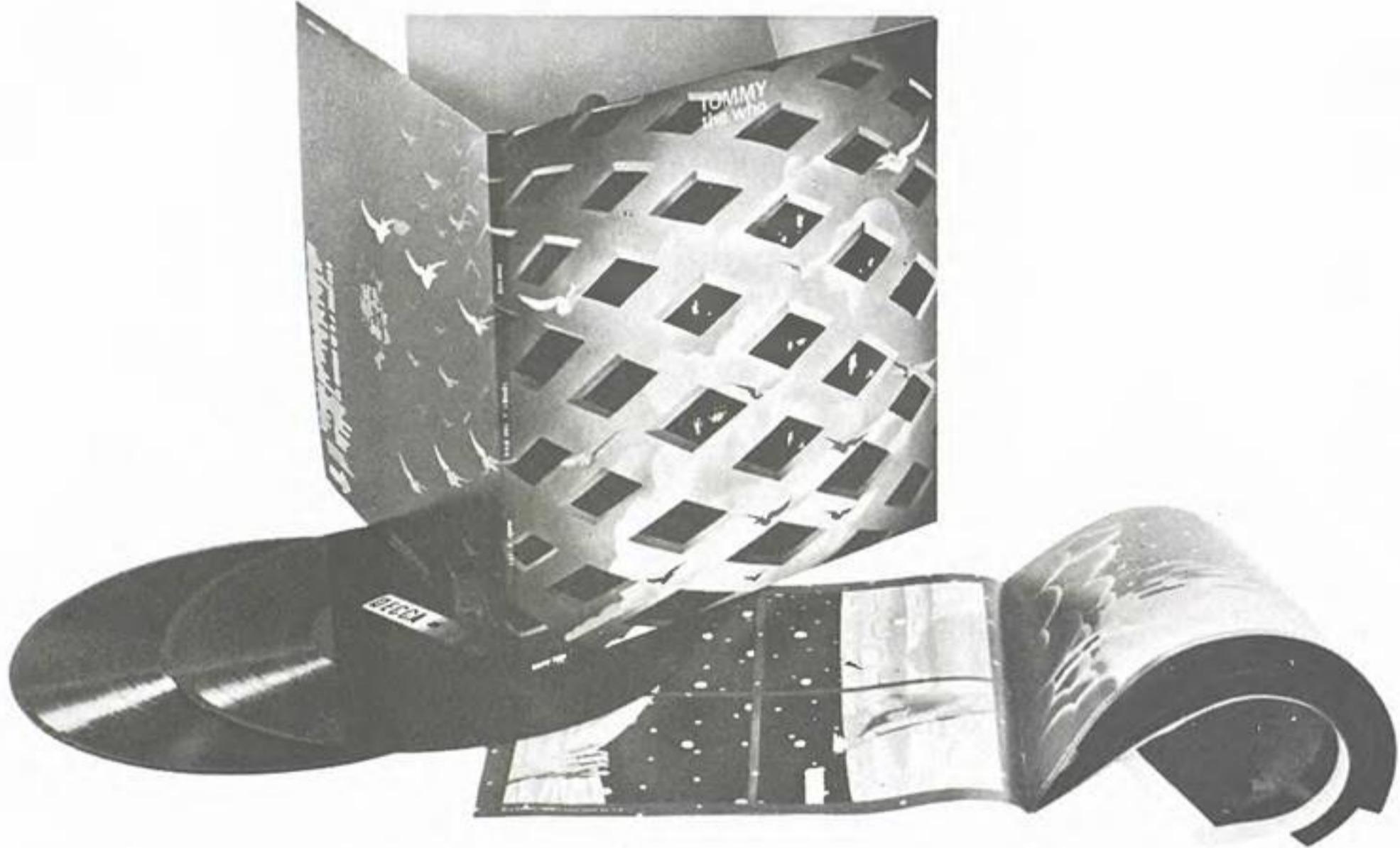
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